

# AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SLOOP SPRAY

Joshua Slocum

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A Geographical Reader Describing Captain Slocum's Voyage  
Alone Around The World



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# AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SLOOP SPRAY

A GEOGRAPHICAL READER  
DESCRIBING CAPTAIN SLOCUM'S VOYAGE  
ALONE AROUND THE WORLD

BY

CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM

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## PREFACE

IT was my good fortune, a short time ago, to be invited to the School of Pedagogy, in New York, to meet Dr. Edward R. Shaw. Dr. Shaw was in the midst of a lecture when I entered the room, reading from a famous book of the sea that he had edited for school uses. From this he turned to "Sailing Alone Around the World," which, to my surprise and delight, he quoted off the reel.

Here I met a large-hearted man at the right moment. He read my mind, or how else could he perceive my desire to see the story of the *Spray's* voyage still more useful?

"With the leave of your publishers," said Dr. Shaw, "I will make the story of the *Spray's* voyage adaptable to school uses and will do it at once. Then we shall have a story of adventure and a lesson in geography all in one."

Under his practical direction and with the kind permission of The Century Company this abridgment of "Sailing Alone Around the

World" has been prepared. Whatever value it may have as a supplementary geographical reader is due to my friend, Dr. Shaw, whom, to my misfortune, I had found but to lose by his death.

In launching the new literary packet I desire to commend it especially to the indulgence of children around and all over the world.

J. S.

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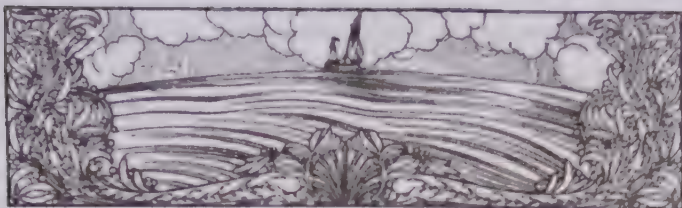
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AROUND THE WORLD IN THE  
SLOOP SPRAY





## CHAPTER I

A blue-nose ancestry with Yankee proclivities—Youthful fondness for the sea—Master of the ship *Northern Light*—Loss of the *Aquidneck*—The gift of a “ship”—The rebuilding of the *Spray*—Conundrums in regard to finance and calking—The launching of the *Spray*—A voyage around the world projected.

IN the fair land of Nova Scotia, a maritime province, there is a ridge called North Mountain, overlooking the Bay of Fundy on one side and the fertile Annapolis valley on the other. On the northern slope of the range grows the hardy spruce-tree, well adapted for ship-timbers, of which many vessels of all classes have been built. The people of this coast, hardy, robust, and strong, are disposed to compete in the world's commerce, and it is nothing against the master mariner if the birthplace mentioned on his certificate is Nova Scotia. I was born in a cold spot, on coldest North Mountain, on a cold February 20, though I am a citizen of the United States—a naturalized Yankee, if it may be said that Nova Scotians are not Yankees in

the truest sense of the word. On both sides my family were sailors; and if any Slocum should be found not seafaring, he will show at least an inclination to whittle models of boats and dream of voyages.

As for myself, the wonderful sea charmed me from the first. At the age of eight I had already been afloat along with other boys on the bay, with chances greatly in favor of being drowned. We knew nothing about the ebb and flow of the tides, but sailed out joyously on a current that drifted us down the bay. A long way down we managed in some way to land, and a farmer seeing us very kindly yoked his oxen to our boat and hauled it out of the tide-way, for it was found that we could not row back against the strong ebb tide. As we returned home through the fields we saw the shore laid bare for a great distance. It was a real adventure and here I picked up my first sea-shell. As the tide ebbed I wondered where the water all went and if the bay would run dry; since that time, and farther up the Bay of Fundy, I have seen the "flats," at low water, dry for the space of many square miles. Here the tide sometimes rises and falls seventy feet, and the flood comes up the bay so rapidly that it forms a wall of water as it advances, called a bore.

I never got away from the sound of the inspiring sea.

When a lad I filled the post of cook on a fishing-schooner; but I was not long in the galley, for the crew mutinied at the appearance of my first duff, and threw me out of that before I had a chance to shine among pots and pans. The next step toward the goal of happiness found me before the mast in a full-rigged ship, along with a boy neighbor of my own age for "chum," bound on a foreign voyage. Here I got my first taste of the roughest side of sea life. The crew, I thought, was a very rough one, and I did not find out that the captain was a kind man, at heart, till I fell ill and wanted a friend.

As for the mate of the ship, he roared like a lion whenever he appeared, and we jumped at the sound of his voice. The second mate, however, was lax in discipline, and there was greater safety for the ship and all hands when the first mate was on deck, as, for all his sternness, he was a kind man at heart.

The voyage began at St. John, N. B., and my "chum" and I, before the ship cleared Partridge Island, had won records as the only members of the crew, save one, sufficiently sober to take the helm. Our coming



on board was a serious business and we meant it.

My friend and I joined the ship from a small fishing-schooner and had hardly seen a case of drunkenness in our lives.

Nothing could have been more revolting than the condition of the men we were to sail with.

The captain and his mate were on deck all night, and with the two fisher boys, ourselves, at the helm took the ship out of the Bay and down by the Menan Islands past rocks and ledges to port and starboard in a thick fog. The palm was ours from that moment and was easily held.

It was one of my proudest moments when the Irish pilot who boarded us off Dublin, where the ship was bound, called for a man who could steer her "decently into port," and the mate sent me to the helm, my chum being in the second mate's watch, then off duty.

I could not have succeeded better in any ship, after all, and I spent four years in succession, now in one ship and now in another, sailing the Atlantic Ocean to my heart's content. I came "over the bows," and not in through the cabin windows, to the command of a ship.

My best command was that of the magnifi-

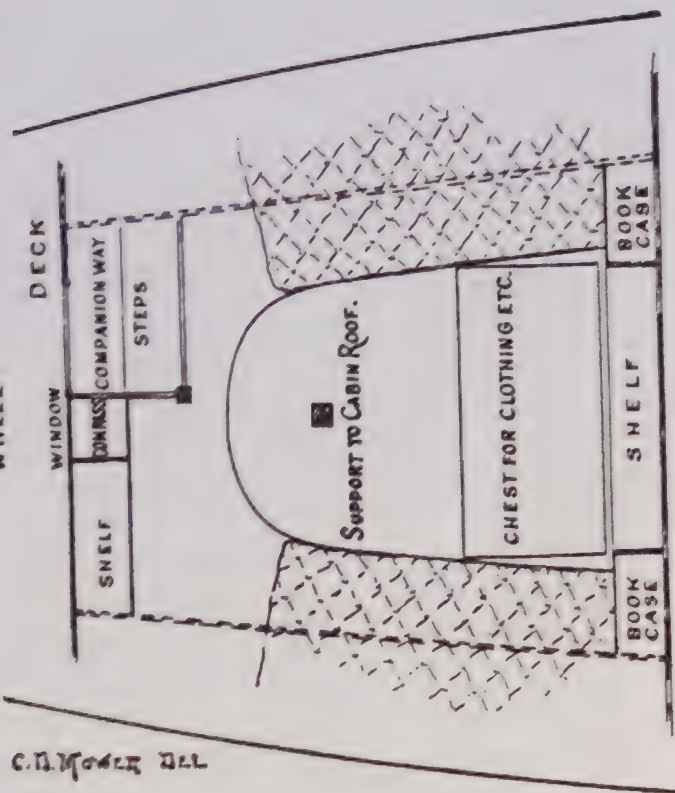
cent ship *Northern Light*, of which I was part owner. I had a right to be proud of her, for at that time—in the eighties—she was one of the finest vessels afloat. I sailed her to China and Japan, to the Philippine Islands and to Liverpool and New York.

The cares of a shipmaster are not a few, still responsibilities did not weigh on me and I had success. Above all I have it to say that in command twenty and odd years I never lost a man at sea. After commanding the *Northern Light* I owned and sailed the *Aquidneck*, a little bark which of all man's handiwork seemed to me the nearest to perfection of beauty, and which in speed, when the wind blew, asked no favors of steamers. I had been nearly twenty years a shipmaster when I quit her deck on the coast of Brazil, where she was wrecked.

My voyages were all foreign. I sailed as freighter and trader principally to China, Australia, and Japan, and among the Spice Islands. For a number of years San Francisco was my home port, to which I occasionally returned. Mine was not the sort of life to make one long to retire to the land, the customs and ways of which I had finally almost forgotten. And so when times for freighters got bad, as at last they did, and I tried to quit the sea, what was

there for an old sailor to do? I was born in the breezes, and I had studied the sea as perhaps few men have studied it, neglecting all else. Next in attractiveness, after seafaring, came ship-building. I longed to be master in both professions, and in a small way, in time, I accomplished my desire. From the decks of stout ships in the worst gales I had made calculations as to the size and sort of ship safest for all weather and all seas. Thus the voyage which I am now to narrate was a natural outcome not only of my love of adventure, but of my lifelong experience.

One midwinter day of 1892, in Boston, as I was thinking whether I should apply for a command, and again eat my bread and butter on the sea, or go to work at the shipyard, I met an old acquaintance, a whaling-captain, who said: "Come to Fairhaven and I'll give you a ship. But," he added, "she needs some repairs." The captain's terms, when fully explained, were more than satisfactory to me. They included all the help I would require to fit the craft for sea. I was only too glad to accept, for I had already found that I could not obtain work in the shipyard near my home without first paying fifty dollars to a society, and as for a ship to command—there were not enough ships to go







round. Nearly all our tall vessels had been cut down for coal-barges, and were being towed by the nose from port to port, while many worthy captains had betaken themselves to Sailors' Snug Harbor, there to end their days.

The next day I landed at Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford, and found that my friend had something of a joke on me. For seven years the joke had been on him. The "ship" proved to be a very old sloop called the *Spray*, which the neighbors declared had been built in the year 1. She was propped up in a field, some distance from salt water, and was covered with canvas. The people of Fairhaven, I hardly need say, are thrifty and observant. For seven years they had asked, "I wonder what Captain Pierce is going to do with the old *Spray*?" The day I appeared there was talk on every hand; at last someone had come and was actually at work on the old *Spray*. "Breaking her up, I suppose?" it was asked. "No; going to rebuild her," was the reply. Great was the amazement. "Will it pay?" was the question which for a year or more I answered by declaring that I would make it pay.

My ax felled a stout oak-tree near by for a keel, and Farmer Howard, for a small sum of money, hauled in this and enough timbers for

the frame of the new vessel. I fitted up a steam-box and a pot for a boiler. The timbers for ribs, being straight saplings, were dressed and steamed till supple, and then bent over a log, where they were secured till set. Something tangible appeared every day to show for my labor, and the neighbors made the work sociable. It was a great day in the *Spray* shipyard when her new stem was set up and fastened to the new keel. Whaling-captains came from far to survey it. With one voice they pronounced it "A 1," and in their opinion "strong enough to smash ice." The oldest captain shook my hand warmly when the breast-hooks were put in, declaring that he could see no reason why the *Spray* should not capture whales yet off the coast of Greenland. The much-esteemed stem-piece was from the butt of the toughest kind of a pasture oak. Better timber for a ship than this pasture white oak never grew. The breast-hooks, as well as all the ribs, were of this wood, and were steamed and bent into shape as required. It was hard upon March when I began work in earnest; the weather was cold; still, there were plenty of inspectors about to give me advice.

The seasons came quickly while I worked. Hardly were the ribs of the sloop up before

apple-trees were in bloom. The daisies and the cherries came soon after. From the deck of the new craft I could put out my hand and pick cherries. The planks for the new vessel, which I soon came to put on, were of Georgia pine, an inch and a half thick. The operation of putting them on was tedious, but it was my purpose to make my vessel stout and strong.

Now, it is a law in Lloyd's that a vessel repaired all out of the old until she is entirely new is still the same vessel. The *Spray* changed her being so gradually that it was hard to say at what point the old died or the new took birth, and it was no matter, for she was still the *Spray*. There was one deck-inclosure over the opening of the main hatch, six feet by six, for a cooking-galley, and another farther aft, about ten feet by twelve, for a cabin. Both of these rose about three feet above the deck, and were sunk sufficiently into the hold to afford head-room. In the spaces along the sides of the cabin, under the deck, I arranged a berth to sleep in, and shelves for small storage, not forgetting a place for the medicine-chest. In the midship-hold, that is, the space between cabin and galley, under the deck, was room for provision of water, salt beef, etc., ample for many months.

The hull of my vessel being now put together as strongly as wood and iron could make her, and the various rooms partitioned off, I set about calking the seams. When the calking was finished, two coats of copper paint were put on the bottom, two of white lead on the topsides and bulwarks. The rudder was then shipped and painted, and on the following day the *Spray* was launched. As she rode at her ancient, rust-eaten anchor, she sat on the water like a swan.

The *Spray's* dimensions were, when finished, thirty-six feet nine inches long, over all, fourteen feet two inches wide, and four feet two inches deep in the hold, her tonnage being nine tons net and twelve and seventy-one hundredths tons gross.

Then the mast, a New Hampshire black spruce, was fitted, and the rigging necessary for a short cruise. Sails were bent, and away she flew with my friend Captain Pierce, who had given the promised assistance, and me, across Buzzard's Bay on a trial-trip—all right. The only thing that now worried my friends along the beach was, "Will she pay?" The cost of my new vessel was \$553.62 for materials, and thirteen months of my own labor. I was several months more than that at Fairhaven, for I





"I'll crawl!"





got work now and then farther down the harbor, on whale-ships fitting out for sea, and that kept me the overtime. At this port I did not have to pay for the privilege of working in a shipyard.

I spent a season in my new craft fishing on the coast, but with little success, and the boast that I would "make it pay," at least in this enterprise, became a problem with me. I was unfitted for even this rough industry; conditions had changed since the day when I was a lad hauling cod, and I had myself changed.

I reeled up my lines with a sense of one more defeat, but with no feeling that I should become a hulk. I decided, instead, on the one enterprise, still within my reach, which would be the most gratifying and profitable to me, and this was a voyage alone around the world. I should, on such a cruise as this, gain a better knowledge of our planet and of the peoples I would meet. With these fascinating impressions fixed firmly upon my mind I moored the *Spray* in winter quarters in Boston, and little by little, while there, I fitted for the voyage. All alone I would at least contemplate the wide, wide sea.

## CHAPTER II

The start—From Boston to Gloucester—Refitting for the voyage  
—Along the Maine Coast—Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

AT last the time arrived to set out, and on the morning of April 24, 1895, as the wind was fair, at noon I weighed anchor, set sail, and filled away. The twelve-o'clock whistles were blowing just as the sloop shot ahead under full sail. A short stretch was made up the harbor on the port tack, then coming about she stood seaward, with her boom well off to port, and swung past the ferries with lively heels, her flag at the peak throwing its folds clear. A thrilling pulse beat high in me. My step was light on deck in the crisp air. I felt that there could be no turning back, and that I was engaging in an adventure the meaning of which I thoroughly understood. I had taken little advice from anyone, for I had a right to my own opinions in matters pertaining to the sea. That the best of sailors might do worse than even I alone was impressed upon me not a league from Boston docks, where a great steamship, fully manned, officered, and piloted, lay

stranded and broken. She was broken completely in two over a ledge. So in the first hour of my lone voyage I had proof that the *Spray* could at least do better than this full-handed steamship, for I was already farther on my voyage than she and had abundance of energy to go on. "Take warning, *Spray*, and have a care still," I uttered aloud to my bark.

The wind freshened, and the *Spray* rounded Deer Island light at the rate of seven knots.

The day was perfect, the sunlight clear and strong. Every particle of water thrown into the air became a gem, and the *Spray*, bounding ahead, snatched necklace after necklace from the sea, and as often threw them away. We have all seen miniature rainbows about a ship's prow, but the *Spray* flung out a bow of her own that day, such as I had never seen before. Her good angel had embarked on the voyage; I so read it in the sea.

Bold Nahant was soon abeam, then Marblehead was put astern. Other vessels were outward bound, but none of them passed the *Spray* flying along on her course. I heard the clanking of the dismal bell on Norman's Woe as we went by; and the reef where the schooner *Hesperus* \* struck I passed close aboard. The

\* See Longfellow's poem.

"bones" of a wreck tossed up lay bleaching on the shore abreast. The wind still freshening, I partly lowered the mainsail to ease the sloop's helm, for I could hardly hold her before it with the whole mainsail set. A schooner ahead of me lowered all sail and ran into port under bare poles, the wind being fair. As the *Spray* brushed by the stranger, I saw that some of his sails were gone, and much broken canvas hung in his rigging, from the effects of a squall.

I made for the cove, a lovely branch of Gloucester's fine harbor, again to look the *Spray* over and again to weigh the voyage and my feelings. The bay was feather-white as my little vessel tore in, smothered in foam. It was my first experience of coming into port alone, with a craft of any size, and in among shipping. Old fishermen ran down to the wharf for which the *Spray* was heading, thinking she would strike it and stave her bows in. I hardly know how a calamity was averted, but with my heart in my mouth, almost, I let go the wheel, stepped quickly forward, and hauled down the jib. The sloop naturally rounded into the wind, and shooting ahead just a little, laid her cheek against a mooring-pile at the windward corner of the wharf, so quietly, after all, that she would not have broken an egg. Very leisurely

I passed a rope around the post, and she was moored. Then a cheer came to me from the little crowd on the wharf. "You could n't have done it better," cried an old skipper, "if you weighed a ton!"

I remained in Gloucester about two weeks, fitting out with the various articles for the voyage most readily obtained there. The owners of the wharf where I lay, and of many fishing-vessels, put on board a great quantity of dry codfish and also a barrel of oil to calm the waves. They were old skippers themselves, and took a great interest in the voyage. They also made the *Spray* a present of a "fisherman's own" lantern, which I found would throw light a great distance round. Indeed, a ship that would run another down having such a good light aboard would be capable of running into a light-ship.

For a boat to take along, I made shift to cut a castaway dory in two athwartships, boarding up the end where it was cut. This half-dory I could hoist in and out easily. A whole dory would be heavy and awkward to handle alone. Manifestly there was not room on deck for more than the half of this boat, which, after all, was better than no boat at all, and was large enough for one man. I perceived, moreover,



that this newly arranged craft would answer for a washing-machine when placed athwart-ships on deck, and also for a bath-tub.

The want of a chronometer for the voyage was all that now worried me. In our modern notions of navigation it is supposed that a mariner cannot find his way without one; and I had myself drifted into this way of thinking. My old chronometer, a good one, had been long in disuse. It would cost fifteen dollars to clean and rate it. Fifteen dollars! For sufficient reasons I left that timepiece at home. I had the great lantern, and a lady in Boston sent me the price of a large two-burner cabin lamp, which lighted the cabin at night, and by some small contriving served for a stove through the day.

Being thus refitted I was once more ready for sea, and on May 7 the *Spray* was again under way.

The weather was mild on the day of my departure from Gloucester. On the point ahead, as the *Spray* stood out of the cove, was a lively picture, for the front of a tall factory was a flutter of handkerchiefs and caps. Pretty faces peered out of the windows from the top to the bottom of the building, all smiling *bon voyage*. Some hailed me to know where away and why.

alone. Why? When I made as if to stand in, a hundred pairs of arms reached out, and said come, but the shore was dangerous! The sloop worked out of the bay against a light southwest wind, and about noon squared away off Eastern Point, receiving at the same time a hearty salute—the last of many kindnesses to her at Gloucester. The wind freshened off the point, and skipping along smoothly, the *Spray* was soon off Thatcher's Island lights. Thence shaping her course east, by compass, to go north of Cashes Ledge and the Amen Rocks, I sat and considered the matter all over again, and asked myself once more whether it were best to sail beyond the ledge and rocks at all. I had only said that I would sail round the world in the *Spray*, "dangers of the sea excepted," but I must have said it very much in earnest. The contract with myself seemed to bind me, and so I sailed on. Toward night I hauled the sloop to the wind, and baiting a hook, sounded for bottom-fish, in thirty fathoms of water, on the edge of Cashes Ledge. With fair success I hauled till dark, landing on deck three cod, two haddocks, one hake, and, best of all, a small halibut, all plump and spry. This, I thought, would be the place to take in a good stock of provisions above what I already had; so I



put out a sea-anchor that would hold her head to windward. The current being southwest, against the wind, I felt quite sure I would find the *Spray* still on the bank or near it in the morning. Then wrapping the cable with canvas to prevent its chafing in the hawse, and putting my great lantern in the rigging, I lay down, for the first time at sea alone, not to sleep, but to doze and to dream.

I had read somewhere of a fishing-schooner hooking her anchor into a whale, and being towed a long way and at great speed. This was exactly what happened to the *Spray*—in my dream! I could not shake it off entirely when I awoke and found that it was the wind blowing and the heavy sea now running that had disturbed my short rest. A scud was flying across the moon. A storm was brewing; indeed, it was already stormy. I reefed the sails, then hauled in my sea-anchor, and setting what canvas the sloop could carry, headed her away for Monhegan light, which she made before daylight on the morning of the 8th. The wind being free, I ran on into Round Pond harbor, which is a little port east from Pemaquid, on the coast of Maine. Here I rested a day, while the wind rustled among the pine-trees on shore. But the following day was fine enough,

and I put to sea, first writing up my log\* from Cape Ann, not omitting a full account of my adventure with the whale.

The *Spray*, heading east, sailed along the coast among many islands and over a tranquil sea. At evening of this day, May 10, she came up with a considerable island on the Maine coast, which I shall always think of as the Island of Frogs, for the *Spray* was charmed by a million voices. From the Island of Frogs we made for the Island of Birds, called Gannet Island, and sometimes Gannet Rock, whereon is a bright, intermittent light, which flashed fitfully across the *Spray's* deck as she coasted along under its light and shade. Thence shaping a course for Briar's Island, I came among vessels the following afternoon on the western fishing-grounds, and next morning found me in Westport Harbor, Nova Scotia, where I had spent eight years of my life as a lad.

I was delighted to reach Westport.

The very stones on Briar's Island I was glad to see again, and I knew them all. The little shop around the corner, which for thirty-five years I had not seen, was the same, except that it looked a deal smaller. It wore the same shin-

\* A record of the directions and distances sailed, as well as the happenings on board worth setting down.

gles—I was sure of it; for did I not know the roof where we boys, night after night, hunted for the skin of a black cat, to be taken on a dark night, to make a plaster for a poor lame man? Lowry the tailor lived there then. In his day he was fond of the gun. He always carried his powder loose in the tail pocket of his coat. He usually had in his mouth a short pipe; but in an evil moment he put it, lighted, into his pocket among the powder.

At Briar's Island I overhauled the *Spray* once more and tried her seams, but found them tight and secure. Bad weather and strong head winds prevailing outside, I was in no hurry to round Cape Sable. I made a short excursion with some friends to St. Mary's Bay, an old cruising-ground, and back to the island. Then I sailed, putting into Yarmouth the following day on account of fog and head wind. I spent some days pleasantly enough in Yarmouth, took in some butter for the voyage, also a barrel of potatoes, filled six barrels of water, and stowed all under deck. At Yarmouth, too, I got a tin clock, the only timepiece I carried on the whole voyage.

This dollar clock was not, of course, a time-piece to be relied on at all for longitude at sea. Therefore I relied, for the most part, on what

is called "dead reckoning," that is, the account of the courses and the distance run on each course. The sum of these being figured out each day at noon, and written in the log book or marked on the chart, or both, was approximately the *Spray's* position.

## CHAPTER III

Good-by to the American coast—Sailing in a fog—Passing vessels  
—First sight of the Azores—At anchor in Fayal.

I NOW stowed all my goods securely, for the boisterous Atlantic was before me, and I sent the topmast down, knowing that the *Spray* would be the wholesomer with it on deck. Then I set the lanyards taut, and saw that the other rigging was secure, also that the boat was lashed, for even in summer one may meet with bad weather in crossing the ocean.

In fact, many weeks of bad weather had prevailed. On July 1, however, after a rude gale, the wind came out nor'west and clear, propitious for a good run. On the following day, the head sea having gone down, I sailed from Yarmouth, and let go my last hold on America. The log of my first day on the Atlantic in the *Spray* reads briefly: "9:30 A. M. sailed from Yarmouth. 4:30 P. M. Cape Sable, north latitude 43° 24', west longitude 65° 36', was passed at a distance of three cables. The sloop making eight knots. Fresh breeze N. W." Before the sun went down I was taking my



supper of strawberries and tea in smooth water under the lee of the land, which the *Spray* now leisurely skirted along.

At noon on July 3 Ironbound Island was abeam. The *Spray* was again at her best. A large schooner came out of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, this morning, steering eastward. The *Spray* put her out of sight astern in five hours. At 6:45 P. M. I was in close under Chebucto Head light near Halifax Harbor. I set my flag and squared away, taking my departure from George's Island before dark to sail east of Sable Island. There are many beacon lights along the coast. Sambro, the Rock of Lamentations, carries a noble light, which, however, the White Star liner *Atlantic*, on the night of her terrible disaster, did not see. I watched light after light sink astern as I sailed into the unbounded sea, till Sambro, the last of them all, was below the horizon. The *Spray* was then alone, and sailing on, she held her course. July 4, at 6 A. M., the weather being threatening, I put in double reefs, and at 8:30 A. M., promising fine weather, I turned out all reefs. At 9:40 P. M. I raised the sheen only of the light on the west end of Sable Island, which may also be called the Island of Tragedies by reason of its great number of wrecks and great loss of life. Scarcely

a spot can be found on its outer shore where there has not been a wreck. The fog, which till this moment had held off, now lowered over the sea like a pall. I was in a world of fog, shut off from the universe. I did not see any more of the light. By the lead, which I cast often, I found that a little after midnight I was passing the east point of the island, and should soon be clear of dangers of land and shoals. The wind was holding free, though it was from the foggy point, south-southwest. It is said that within a few years Sable Island has been reduced from forty miles in length to twenty, and that of three lighthouses built on it since 1880, two have been washed away and the third will soon be engulfed.

On the evening of July 5, the *Spray*, after having sailed all day over a lumpy sea, dropped into a smooth lane, heading southeast, and making about eight knots, her very best work. I crowded on sail to cross the track of the liners without loss of time, and to reach as soon as possible the friendly Gulf Stream. The fog lifting before night, I was afforded a look at the sun just as it was touching the sea. I watched it go down and out of sight. Then I turned my face eastward, and there, apparently at the very end of the bowsprit, was the smiling full



moon rising out of the sea. Neptune himself coming over the bows could not have startled me more. "Good evening, sir," I cried; "I'm glad to see you." Many a long talk since then I have had with the man in the moon; he had my confidence on the voyage.

About midnight the fog shut down again denser than before. One could almost "stand on it." It continued so for a number of days, the wind increasing to a gale. The waves rose high, but I had a good ship. Still, in the dismal fog I felt myself drifting into loneliness, an insect on a straw in the midst of the elements. I lashed the helm, and my vessel held her course, and while she sailed I slept.

The loneliness of my state wore off when the gale was high and I found much work to do. When fine weather returned, then came the sense of solitude, which I could not shake off. I used my voice often, at first giving some order about the affairs of a ship, for I had been told that from disuse I would lose my speech. When the sun was on the meridian I called aloud, "Eight bells," after the custom on a ship at sea. Again from my cabin I cried to an imaginary man at the helm, "How does she head, there?" and again, "Is she on her course?" But getting no reply, I was re-

minded the more palpably of my condition. My voice sounded hollow on the empty air, and I dropped the practice.

July 10, eight days at sea, the *Spray* was twelve hundred miles east of Cape Sable, north lat.  $43^{\circ} 24'$ , west long.  $65^{\circ} 36'$ . One hundred and fifty miles a day for so small a vessel must be considered good sailing. It was the greatest run the *Spray* ever made before or since in so few days. On the evening of July 14, in better humor than ever before, all hands cried, "Sail ho!" The sail was a barkentine, three points on the weather bow, hull down. Then came the night. My ship was sailing along now without attention to the helm. The wind was south; she was heading east. Her sails were trimmed like the sails of the nautilus. They drew steadily all night. I went frequently on deck, but found all well. The merry breeze kept on from the south. Early in the morning of the 15th the *Spray* was close aboard the stranger, which proved to be a Spanish vessel, twenty-three days from Philadelphia, bound for Vigo, Spain. A lookout from his masthead had spied the *Spray* the evening before. The captain, when I came near enough, threw a line to me and sent a bottle of wine across slung by the neck, and very good wine it was. He also

sent his card, which bore the name of Juan\* Gantes. I think he was a good man. But when I asked him to report me "all well" (the *Spray* passing him in a lively manner), he hauled his shoulders above his head and made for his cabin. I did not see him again. By sundown he was as far astern as he had been ahead the evening before.

There was now less and less monotony. On July 16 the wind was northwest and clear, the sea smooth, and a large bark, hull down, came in sight on the lee bow, and at 2:30 P. M. I spoke the stranger. She was the bark *Java* of Glasgow, from Peru for Queenstown for orders. The wind had fallen light; the *Java* was heavy and foul, making poor headway, while the *Spray*, with a great mainsail bellying even to light winds, was just skipping along as nimbly as one could wish. "How long has it been calm about here?" roared the captain of the *Java*, as I came within hail of him. "Don't know, captain!" I shouted back as loud as I could bawl. "I have n't been here long." At this the mate on the forecastle smiled. "I left Cape Sable fourteen days ago," I added. (I was now well across toward the Azores.) "Mate," he roared to his chief officer—"mate,

\* Pronounced Whan.

come here and listen to the Yankee's yarn. Haul down the flag, mate, haul down the flag!" In the best of humor we parted company.

The acute pain of solitude experienced at first never returned. I had penetrated a mystery, and, by the way, I had sailed through a fog. I had met Neptune in his wrath, but he found that I had not treated him with contempt, and so he suffered me to go on.

In the log for July 18, there is this entry: "Fine weather, wind south-southwest. Porpoises gamboling all about. The S. S. *Olympia* passed at 11:30 A. M., in north lat. 40° 10', west long. 34° 50'."

There were no porpoises at all along with the *Olympia*! Porpoises always prefer sailing-ships.

Land ho! On the morning of July 19, I saw a mystic dome like a mountain of silver alone in the sea ahead. The land was completely hidden by a white, glistening haze that shone in the sun like polished silver, but I felt quite sure that it was \*Flores Island. At half-past four P. M. it was abeam. The haze in the meantime had disappeared. Flores is one hundred and seventy-four miles from Fayal, and although it is a high island, it remained many years undis-

\* Read Tennyson's *Ballad of the Revenge*.



covered after the principal group of the islands had been colonized.

Early on the morning of July 20 I saw Pico looming above the clouds on the starboard bow. Lower lands burst forth as the sun burned away the morning fog, and island after island came into view. As I approached nearer, cultivated fields appeared, "and oh, how green the corn!" Only those who have seen the Azores from the deck of a vessel realize the beauty of the mid-ocean picture.

At 4:30 P. M. I cast anchor at Fayal, exactly eighteen days from Cape Sable. The American Consul, in a light boat, came alongside before the *Spray* reached the breakwater, and a young naval officer coming out offered his services as pilot. The *Spray* was too small for the amount of uniform he wore. This wonderful pilot expected some reward for not sinking her.

It was the season for fruit when I arrived at the Azores, and there was soon more of all kinds of it put on board than I knew what to do with. Islanders are always the kindest people in the world, and I met none anywhere kinder than the good hearts of this place. The people of the Azores are not a very rich community. The burden of taxes is heavy, with scant privileges in return, the air they breathe being about

the only thing that is not taxed. The mother-country does not even allow them a port of entry for a foreign mail service. A packet passing ever so close with mails for Horta must deliver them first in Lisbon, ostensibly to be fumigated, but really for the tariff from the packet. My own letters posted at Horta reached the United States six days behind my letter from Gibraltar, mailed thirteen days later.

The day after my arrival at Horta was the feast of a great saint. Boats loaded with people came from other islands to celebrate at Horta, the capital, or Jerusalem, of the Azores. The deck of the *Spray* was crowded from morning till night with men, women, and children. On the day after the feast a kind-hearted native harnessed a team and drove me a day over the beautiful roads all about Fayal, "because," said he, in broken English, "when I was in America and could n't speak a word of English, I found it hard till I met some one who seemed to have time to listen to my story, and I promised my good saint then that if ever a stranger came to my country I would try to make him happy." Before we parted my host dined me with a cheer that would have gladdened the heart of a prince, but he was quite alone in his



house. "My wife and children all rest there," said he, pointing to the churchyard across the way. "I moved to this house from far off," he added, "to be near the spot, where I pray every morning."

I remained four days at Fayal, and that was two days more than I had intended to stay. It was the kindness of the islanders and their touching simplicity which detained me. A damsel, as innocent as an angel, came alongside one day, and said she would embark on the *Spray* if I would land her at Lisbon. She could cook flying-fish, she thought, but her forte was dressing codfish. Her brother, Antonio, who served as interpreter, hinted that, anyhow, he would like to make the trip. Antonio's heart went out to one John Wilson, and he was ready to sail for America by way of the two capes to meet his friend. "Do you know John Wilson of Boston?" he cried. "I knew a John Wilson," I said, "but not of Boston." "He had one daughter and one son," said Antonio, by way of identifying his friend. If this reaches the right John Wilson, I am told to say that "Antonio of Pico for some kindness remembers him."

## CHAPTER IV

Squally weather—Luxurious fare in the Azores—Sickness—Visit by one of Columbus' crew—Fresh turtle-steak—Arrival at Gibraltar—Quarantine.

I SET sail from Horta early on July 24. The southwest wind at the time was light, but squalls came up with the sun, and I was glad enough to get reefs in my sails before I had gone a mile. I had hardly set the mainsail, double-reefed, when a squall of wind down the mountains struck the sloop with such violence that I thought her mast would go. However, a quick helm brought her into the wind. As it was, one of the weather lanyards carried away and the other was stranded. My tin basin, caught up by the wind, went flying toward a French schoolship to leeward. It was more or less squally all day, sailing along under high land; but rounding close under a bluff, I found an opportunity to mend the lanyards broken in the squall. No sooner had I lowered my sails when a four-oared boat shot out from some gully in the rocks, with a customs officer on board, who thought he had come upon a smug-

gler. I had some difficulty in making him comprehend the true case. However, one of his crew, a sailorly chap, who understood how matters were, jumped on board while we palavered and rove off the new lanyards, and with a friendly hand helped me "set up the rigging." This incident gave the turn in my favor. The sailor's kind act made my story clear to all. I have found this the way of the world. But let one be without a friend, and see what will happen!

Passing the island of Pico, after the rigging was mended, the *Spray* stretched across to leeward of the island of St. Michael's, which she was up with early on the morning of July 26, the wind blowing hard. Later in the day she passed the Prince of Monaco's fine steam-yacht bound to Fayal. Since reaching the Azores I had lived most luxuriously on fresh bread, butter, vegetables, and fruits of all kinds. Plums seemed the most plentiful on the *Spray*, and these I ate without stint. I had also a Pico white cheese that General Manning, the American consul-general, had given me, which I supposed was to be eaten, and of this I partook with the plums.

Alas! by night-time I was doubled up with cramps. The wind, which was already a

strong breeze, was increasing, with a heavy sky to the southwest. Reefs had been turned out, and I must tie them in again somehow. Between cramps I got the mainsail down and, as best I could, tied in the double reef. There being sea-room, I should, in strict prudence, have made all snug and gone down at once to my cabin. I am a careful man at sea, but this night, in the coming storm, I swayed up my sails; which, reefed though they were, were still too much in such heavy weather; and I saw to it that the sheets were securely belayed. In a word, I should have laid to, but did not. I gave her the double-reefed mainsail and whole jib instead, and set her on her course. Then I went below, and threw myself upon the cabin floor in great pain.

How long I lay there I could not tell, for I became delirious. When I came to, as I thought, from my swoon, I realized that the sloop was plunging into a heavy sea, and looking out of the companionway, to my amazement I saw a tall man at the helm. His rigid hand, grasping the spokes of the wheel, held them as in a vise. One may imagine my astonishment. His dress was that of a foreign sailor, and the large red hat he wore was cockbilled over his left ear, and all was set off with shaggy

black whiskers. He would have been taken for a pirate in any part of the world. While I gazed upon his threatening aspect I forgot the storm, and wondered if he had come to rob and murder me. This he seemed to divine. "Señor," said he, doffing his cap, "I have come to do you no harm." And a smile, the faintest in the world, but still a smile, played on his face, which seemed not unkind when he spoke. "I have come to do you no harm. I have sailed free," he said, "but was never worse than a smuggler. I am one of Columbus's crew," he continued. "I am the pilot of the *Pinta* come to aid you. Lie quiet, señor captain," he added, "and I will guide your ship to-night. You have a fever, but you will be all right to-morrow." I thought what a very devil he was to carry sail. Again, as if he read my mind, he exclaimed: "Yonder is the *Pinta* ahead; we must overtake her. Give her sail; give her sail!" Biting off a large quid of black twist tobacco, he said: "You did wrong, captain, to mix cheese with plums. White cheese is never safe unless you know whence it comes."

I made shift to spread a mattress and lie on that instead of the hard floor, my eyes all the

\*Pronounced Sēn-yor.



while fastened on my strange guest, who, remarking again that I would have "only pains and fever," chuckled as he chanted a wild song :

High are the waves, fierce, gleaming,  
High is the tempest roar !  
High the sea-bird screaming !  
High the Azore !

I suppose I was now on the mend, for I was peevish, and complained : " I detest your jingle. Your Azore should be at roost, and would have been were it a respectable bird ! " I begged he would tie a rope-yarn on the rest of the song, if there were any more of it. I was still in agony. Great seas were boarding the *Spray*, but in my fevered brain I thought they were boats falling on deck, that careless draymen were throwing from wagons on the pier to which I imagined the *Spray* was now moored, and without fenders to prevent her chafing. " You 'll smash your boats ! " I called out again and again, as the seas crashed on the cabin over my head. " You 'll smash your boats, but you can't hurt the *Spray*. She is strong ! " I cried.

I found, when my pains and fever had gone, that the deck, now as white as a shark's tooth from seas washing over it, had been swept of everything movable. To my astonishment,

I saw now at broad day that the *Spray* was still heading as I had left her, and was going like a race-horse. Columbus himself could not have held her more exactly on her course. The sloop had made ninety miles in the night through a rough sea. I felt grateful to the old pilot, but I marvelled somewhat that he had not taken in the jib. The gale was moderating, and by noon the sun was shining. I measured with my sextant the height of the sun on the meridian, and noted the distance on the patent log, which I always kept towing. These told me that the *Spray* had made a true course throughout the twenty-four hours. I was getting much better now, but was very weak, and did not turn out reefs that day or the night following, although the wind fell light; but I just put my wet clothes out in the sun when it was shining, and lying down there myself, fell asleep. Then who should visit me again but my old friend of the night before, this time, of course, in a dream. "You did well last night to take my advice," said he, "and if you would, I should like to be with you often on the voyage for the love of adventure alone." Finishing what he had to say, he again doffed his cap and disappeared as mysteriously as he came, returning, I suppose, to the phantom *Pinta*. I awoke much refreshed,

and with the feeling that I had been in the presence of a friend and seaman of vast experience. I gathered up my clothes, which by this time were dry, and then, by inspiration, I threw overboard all the plums in the vessel.

July 28 was exceptionally fine. The wind from the northwest was light and the air balmy. I overhauled my wardrobe, and put on a white shirt against nearing some coasting-packet with genteel folk on board. I also did some washing to get the salt out of my clothes. After it all I was hungry, so I made a fire and very cautiously stewed a dish of pears and set them carefully aside till I had made a pot of delicious coffee, for both of which I could afford sugar and cream. But the crowning dish of all was a fish-hash, and there was enough of it for two. I was in good health again, and my appetite was simply ravenous. While I was dining I had a large onion over the double lamp, stewing for a luncheon later in the day. High living to-day!

In the afternoon the *Spray* came upon a large turtle asleep on the sea. He awoke with my harpoon through his neck, if he awoke at all. I had much difficulty in landing him on deck, which I finally accomplished by hooking the throat-halyards to one of his flippers. He was

about as heavy as my boat. The bill of fare that evening was turtle-steak, tea and toast, fried potatoes, stewed onions ; with dessert of stewed pears and cream. I saw more turtles, and I rigged a burton with which to hoist them in ; but a sudden change in the weather coming on, I got no more turtle or fish of any sort before reaching port. July 31 a gale sprang up suddenly from the north, with heavy seas, and I shortened sail. The *Spray* made only fifty-one miles on her course that day. August 1 the gale continued, with heavy seas. Through the night the sloop was reaching, under close-reefed mainsail and bobbed jib. At 3 P. M. the jib was washed off the bowsprit and blown to rags and ribbons. I bent a small sail on a stay at the night-heads. As for the jib, let it go ; I saved pieces of it, and, after all, I was in want of pot-rags.

On August 3 the gale broke, and I saw many signs of land. Bad weather having made itself felt in the galley, I was minded to try my hand at a loaf of bread, and so rigging a pot of fire on deck by which to bake it, a loaf soon became an accomplished fact. One great feature about a ship's cookery is that one's appetite on the sea is always good. Dinner being over, I sat for hours reading the life of Columbus, and as

the day wore on I watched the birds all flying in one direction, and said, "Land lies there."

Early the next morning, August 4, I discovered Spain. I saw fires on shore, and knew that the country was inhabited. The *Spray* continued on her course until well in with the land, which was that about Trafalgar. Then keeping away a point, she passed through the Strait of Gibraltar, where she cast anchor at 3 P. M. of the same day, less than twenty-nine days from Cape Sable. At the finish of this first part of the trip I found myself in excellent health, not overworked or cramped, but as well as ever in my life, though I was as thin as a reef-point.

Two Italian barks, which had been close alongside at daylight, I saw long after I had anchored, passing up the African side of the strait. The *Spray* had outsailed both of them, and had left them out of sight before she reached Tarifa. So far as I know, the *Spray* beat everything going across the Atlantic except the steamers.

All was well, but I had forgotten to bring a bill of \* health from Horta, and so when the fierce old port doctor came to inspect there was

\* A document from the health officer of a port stating the condition of the port as to health.





The *Spray* at Anchor off Gibraltar.



a row. That, however, was the very thing needed. If you want to get on well with a true Britisher you must first have a deuce of a row with him. I knew that, and so I fired away, shot for shot, as best I could. "Well, yes," the doctor admitted at last, "your crew are healthy enough, no doubt, but who knows the diseases of your last port?"—a reasonable enough remark. "We ought to put you in the fort, sir!" he blustered; "but never mind. Free \*pratique, sir! Shove off, cockswain!" And that was the last I saw of the bluff officer.

But on the following morning a steam-launch, much longer than the *Spray*, came alongside,—or as much of her as could get alongside,—with compliments from the senior naval officer, Admiral Bruce, saying there was a berth for the *Spray* at the arsenal. This was around at the new mole. I had anchored at the old mole, among the native craft, where it was rough and uncomfortable. Of course I was glad to shift, and did so as soon as possible, thinking of the great company the *Spray* would be in among battle-ships such as the *Collingwood*, *Balsfleu*, and *Cormorant*, which were at that time stationed there, and on board all of which I was entertained, later, most royally.

\* Permission to land

“ ‘Put it there!’ as the Americans say,” was the salute I got from Admiral Bruce, when I called at the admiralty to thank him for his courtesy of the berth, and for the use of the steam-launch which towed me into dock. “About the berth, it is all right if it suits, and we’ll tow you out when you are ready to go. But, say, what repairs do you want? Ahoy the *Hebe*, can you spare your sailmaker? The *Spray* wants a new jib. Construction and repair, there! will you see to the *Spray*? Say, old man, you must have had a lively time coming over alone in twenty-nine days! But we’ll make it smooth for you here!” Not even her Majesty’s ship the *Collingwood* was better looked after than the *Spray* at Gibraltar.

Later in the day came the hail: “*Spray* ahoy! Mrs. Bruce would like to come on board and shake hands with the *Spray*. Will it be convenient to-day?” “Very!” I joyfully shouted. On the following day Sir F. Carrington, at the time governor of Gibraltar, with other high officers of the garrison, and all the commanders of the battle-ships, came on board and signed their names in the *Spray*’s log-book.

Again there was a hail, “*Spray* ahoy!” “Hello!” “Commander Reynolds’s compliments. You are invited on board H. M. S.

*Collingwood*, 'at home' at 4:30 P. M. Not later than 5:30 P. M." I had already hinted at the limited amount of my wardrobe, and that I could never succeed as a dude. "You are expected, sir, in a stovepipe hat and a claw-hammer coat!" "Then I can't come." "Dash it! come in what you have on; that is what we mean." "Aye, aye, sir!" The *Collingwood's* cheer was good, and had I worn a silk hat as high as the moon I could not have had a better time or been made more at home. An Englishman, even on his great battle-ship, unbends when the stranger passes his gangway, and when he says "at home" he means it.

Vegetables twice a week and milk every morning came from the palatial grounds of the admiralty. "*Spray* ahoy!" would hail the admiral. "*Spray* ahoy!" "Hello!" "To-morrow is your vegetable day, sir." "Aye, aye, sir!"

I rambled much about the old city; a gunner piloted me through the galleries of the rock, and I saw wonderful excavations as far as a stranger is permitted to go.

One day I was invited on a picnic with the governor, the officers of the garrison, and the commanders of the war-ships at the station; and a royal affair it was. Torpedo-boat No. 91, going twenty-two knots, carried our party to



the Morocco shore and back. The day was perfect—too fine, in fact, for comfort on shore, and so no one landed at Morocco. No. 91 trembled like an aspen-leaf as she raced through the sea at top speed. On the following day I lunched with General Carrington at Line Wall House, which was once the Franciscan convent. In this interesting building are preserved relics of the fourteen sieges which Gibraltar has seen. On the next day I supped with the admiral at his residence, the palace, which was once the convent of the Mercenaries. At each place, and all about, I felt the friendly grasp of a hand, that lent me strength to pass the coming long days at sea. I must confess that the perfect discipline, order, and cheerfulness at Gibraltar were only a second wonder in the great stronghold. The vast amount of business going forward caused no more excitement than the quiet sailing of a well-appointed ship in a smooth sea. No one spoke above his natural voice, save a boatswain's mate now and then. The venerable United States consul at Gibraltar honored the *Spray* with a visit on Sunday, August 24, and was much pleased to find that our British cousins had been so kind to her.

## CHAPTER V

Sailing from Gibraltar with the assistance of her Majesty's tug—

The *Spray's* course changed from the Suez Canal to the Cape of Good Hope—A brush with pirates—A fortunate escape—Passing the Canary Islands—At the mercy of an African har-mattan—The Cape Verde Islands—Arrival at Pernambuco.

MONDAY, August 25, the *Spray* sailed from Gibraltar. A tug belonging to her Majesty towed the sloop into the steady breeze clear of the mount, where her sails caught a strong east wind which carried her once more to the Atlantic, where it rose rapidly to a furious gale. My plan was, in going down this coast, to haul offshore, well clear of the land, which hereabouts is the home of pirates; but I had hardly accomplished this when I perceived a felucca making out of the nearest port, and following in the wake of the *Spray*. Now, my course to Gibraltar had been taken with a view to proceed up the Mediterranean Sea, through the Suez Canal, down the Red Sea, and east about, instead of a western route, which I finally adopted. By officers of vast experience in navigating those seas, I was influenced to make the change. Longshore pirates on both coasts

being numerous, I could not afford to make light of the advice. But here I was, after all, in the midst of pirates and thieves! I changed my course; the felucca did the same, both vessels sailing very fast, but the distance growing less and less between us. The *Spray* was doing nobly; she was even more than at her best; but, in spite of all I could do, she would now and then partly round into the wind. She was carrying too much sail for safety. I must reef or be dismasted and lose all. Pirate or no pirate, I must reef, even if I had to grapple with him for my life before the sail could be reset.

I was not long in reefing the mainsail and sweating it up—probably not more than fifteen minutes; but the felucca had in the meantime so shortened the distance between us that I now saw the tufts of hair on the heads of the crew. They were coming on like the wind. From what I could clearly make out now, I felt them to be the sons of generations of pirates, and I saw by their movements that they were preparing to strike a blow. The exultation on their faces, however, was changed in an instant to a look of fear and rage. Their craft, with too much sail on, also partly rounded into the wind on the crest of a great wave. This one great sea changed suddenly the aspect

of affairs. Three minutes later the same wave overtook the *Spray* and shook her in every timber. At the same moment the strap of the main-sheet block parted, and away went the main-boom, broken short at the rigging. Instantly I sprang to the jib-halyards and down-haul, and quickly downed the jib. The headsail being off, and the helm put hard down, the sloop came into the wind with a bound. While shivering there, but a moment though it was, I got the mainsail down and secured inboard, broken boom and all. How I got the boom in before the sail was torn I hardly know; but not a stitch of it was broken. The mainsail being secured, I hoisted away the jib, and, without looking round, stepped quickly to the cabin and snatched down my loaded rifle and cartridges at hand; for I made mental calculations that the pirate would by this time have recovered his course and be close aboard, and that when I saw him it would be better for me to be looking at him along the barrel of a gun. The piece was at my shoulder when I peered into the mist, but there was no pirate within a mile. The wave and squall that carried away my boom dismasted the felucca outright. I perceived his thieving crew, some dozen or more of them, struggling to recover

their rigging from the sea. Allah blacken their faces!

I sailed comfortably on under the jib and fore-staysail, which I now set. I mended the boom and furled the sail snug for the night; then hauled the sloop's head two points off-shore to allow for the set of current and heavy rollers toward the land. This gave me the wind \*three points on the starboard quarter and a steady pull in the headsails. By the time I had things in this order it was dark, and a flying-fish had already fallen on deck. I took him below for my supper, but found myself too tired to cook, or even to eat a thing already prepared. I do not remember to have been more tired before or since in all my life than I was at the finish of that day. Too fatigued to sleep, I rolled about with the motion of the vessel till near midnight, when I made shift to dress my fish and prepare a dish of tea. I fully realized now, if I had not before, that the voyage ahead would call for exertions ardent and lasting. On August 27 nothing could be seen of the Moor, or his country either, except two peaks, away in the east through the clear atmosphere of morning. Soon after the sun rose even these were obscured by haze, much to my satisfaction.

\*A point of the compass is  $11\frac{1}{4}$  degrees of a circle.



The wind, for a few days following my escape from the pirates, blew a steady but moderate gale, and the sea, though agitated into long rollers, was not uncomfortably rough or dangerous, and while sitting in my cabin I could hardly realize that any sea was running at all, so easy was the long, swinging motion of the sloop over the waves. All uneasiness and excitement being now over, I was once more alone in the realization that I was on the mighty sea in the hands of the elements and of God. I was happy, and was becoming more and more interested in the voyage. Columbus sailing these seas more than four hundred years before was not so happy as I, nor so sure of success in his undertaking.

After three days of squalls and shifting winds I threw myself down to rest and sleep, while, with helm lashed, the sloop sailed steadily on her course.

September 1, in the early morning, land-clouds rising ahead told of the Canary Islands not far away. A change in the weather came next day: storm-clouds crossed the sky from the east with the appearances of a fierce harmattan.\* Every point of the compass threatened

\*An intensely dry land-wind prevalent on the western coast of Africa.

a storm. I was again reefing sails, with no time to be lost over it, for the sea in a moment was confusion itself, and I was glad to head the sloop three points or more away from her true course that she might ride safely over the waves. She was now scudding for the channel between Africa and the island of Fuerteventura, the easternmost of the Canary Islands, for which I was on the lookout. At 2 P. M., the weather becoming suddenly fine, the island stood in view, already abeam to starboard, and not more than seven miles off. Fuerteventura is twenty-seven hundred feet high, and in fine weather is visible many leagues away.

The wind freshened in the night, and the *Spray* had a fine run through the channel. By daylight, September 3, she was twenty-five miles clear of all the islands, when a calm ensued, which was the precursor of another gale of wind that soon came on, bringing with it dust from the African shore. This gale was the real harmattan. It howled dismally while it lasted, and though it was not the usual season of harmattan, the sea in the course of an hour was discolored with a reddish-brown dust. The air remained thick with flying dust all the afternoon, but the wind, veering northwest at night, swept it back to land, and afforded the

*Spray* once more a clear sky. Her mast now bent under a strong, steady pressure, and her bellying sail swept the sea as she rolled scuppers under, courtesying to the waves. These rolling waves thrilled me as they tossed my ship, passing quickly under her keel. This was grand sailing.

September 4, the wind, still fresh, blew from the north-northeast, and the sea surged along with the sloop. About noon a cattle steamship from the river Plate hove in sight, steering northeast, and making bad weather of it. I signalled her, but got no answer. She was plunging into the head sea and rolling badly, and from the way she veered about one might have said that a wild steer was at the helm.

On the morning of September 6 I found three flying-fish on deck, and the fourth one down the fore-scuttle close to the frying-pan. It was the best haul yet, and afforded me a sumptuous breakfast and dinner.

The *Spray* had now come into the region of the trade-winds. These winds are called "The Trades" because trading ships bound westward can set their sails and rely upon keeping them set, as the wind blows all the time from one direction. Later in the day another cattle carrier hove in sight, rolling as badly as the first one.

I threw out no flag to this one, but got the worst of it for passing under her lee. She was a stale one! And the poor cattle, how they bellowed! The time was when ships passing one another at sea backed their topsails and exchanged news, and on parting fired guns; but those good old days have gone. People have hardly time nowadays to speak even on the broad ocean, where news is news, and as for a salute of guns, they cannot afford the powder. There are no poetry-enshrined freighters on the sea now; it is a prosy life when we have no time to bid one another good morning.

My ship, running now in the full swing of the trades, left me days to myself for rest and recuperation. I employed the time in reading and writing, or in whatever I found to do about the rigging and the sails to keep them all in order. The cooking was always done quickly, and was a small matter, as the bill of fare consisted mostly of flying-fish, hot biscuits and butter, potatoes, coffee and cream—dishes readily prepared.

On September 10 the *Spray* passed the island of St. Antonio, the northwesternmost of the Cape Verdes, close aboard. The landfall was wonderfully true, considering that no observations for longitude had been made. The wind, north-east, as the sloop drew by the island, was very



squally, but I reefed her sails snug, and steered broad from the highland of blustering St. Antonio. Then leaving the Cape Verde Islands out of sight astern, I found myself once more sailing a lonely sea and in a solitude supreme all around. When I slept I dreamed that I was alone. This feeling never left me ; but, sleeping or waking, I seemed always to know the position of the sloop, and I saw my vessel moving across the chart, which became a picture before me.

One night while I sat in the cabin under this spell, the profound stillness all about was broken by human voices alongside ! I sprang instantly to the deck, startled beyond my power to tell. Passing close under lee, like an apparition, was a white bark under full sail. The sailors on board of her were hauling on ropes to brace the yards, which just cleared the sloop's mast as she swept by. No one hailed from the white-winged flier, but I heard some one on board say that he saw lights on the sloop, and that he made her out to be a fisherman. I sat long on the starlit deck that night, thinking of ships, and watching the constellations on their voyage.

On the following day, September 13, a large four-masted ship passed some distance to windward, heading north.



The sloop was now rapidly drawing toward the region of doldrums, and the force of the trade-winds was lessening. I could see by the ripples that a counter-current had set in. This I estimated to be about sixteen miles a day. In the heart of the counter-stream the rate was more than that setting eastward.

September 14 a lofty three-masted ship, heading north, was seen from the masthead. Neither this ship nor the one seen yesterday was within signal distance, yet it was good even to see them. On the following day heavy rain-clouds rose in the south, obscuring the sun; this was ominous of the doldrums, the calms and squalls near the equator. On the 16th the *Spray* entered this gloomy region, to battle with squalls and to be harassed by fitful calms. Still more trying to one's nerve and patience, the sea was tossed into confused cross-lumps and fretted by eddying currents. As if something more were needed to complete a sailor's discomfort, rain poured down in torrents day and night. The *Spray* struggled and tossed for ten days, making only three hundred miles on her course in all that time. I didn't say anything!

On September 23 the fine schooner *Nantasket* of Boston, from Bear River, for the River

Plate, lumber-laden, and just through the doldrums, came up with the *Spray*, and her captain passing a few words, she sailed on, drawing away with her my companions, the fishes, which had been following the *Spray*. One of this little school of deserters was a dolphin that had followed the *Spray* about a thousand miles, and had been content to eat scraps of food thrown overboard from my table; for, having been wounded, it could not dart through the sea to prey on other fishes. I had become accustomed to seeing the dolphin, which I knew by its scars, and missed it whenever it went away from the sloop. One day, after it had been off some hours, it returned in company with three yellowtails, a sort of cousin to the dolphin. This little school kept together, except when in danger and when foraging about the sea. Their lives were often threatened by hungry sharks that came round the vessel, and more than once they had narrow escapes. Their mode of escape interested me greatly, and I passed hours watching them. They would dart away, each in a different direction, so that the wolf of the sea, the shark, pursuing one, would be led away from the others; then after a while they would all return and rendezvous under one side or the other of the sloop. Twice their

pursuers were diverted by a tin pan, which I towed astern of the sloop, and which was mistaken for a bright fish; and while turning over in the peculiar way that sharks have, to bring their short lower jaw to bear on their prey, I shot them through the head.

Nearing the equatorial limit of the southeast trade-winds, I found the air heavily charged with electricity, and there was much thunder and lightning. It was hereabout I remembered that, a few years before, the American ship *Alert* was destroyed by lightning.

On September 25, in the latitude of 5° N., longitude 26° 30' W., I spoke the ship *North Star* of London. The great ship was out forty-eight days from Norfolk, Virginia, and was bound for Rio, where we met again about two months later. The *Spray* was now thirty days from Gibraltar.

The *Spray's* next companion of the voyage was a swordfish, that swam alongside, showing its tall black fin out of the water, till I made a stir for my harpoon, when it hauled its black flag down and disappeared. September 30, at half-past eleven in the morning, the *Spray* crossed the equator in longitude 29° 30' W. At noon she was two miles south of the line. The southeast trade-winds, met, rather light,

in about  $4^{\circ}$  N., gave her sails now a stiff full, sending her handsomely over the sea toward the coast of Brazil, where on October 5, just north of Olinda Point, without further incident, she made the land, casting anchor in Pernambuco Harbor about noon: forty days from Gibraltar, and all well on board. Did I tire of the voyage in all that time? Not a bit of it! I was never in better trim in all my life, and was eager for the more perilous experience of rounding the Horn. I had made previous voyages to Pernambuco and other ports in Brazil, and was now among old friends, where I remained about eighteen days.

Fruits and vegetables and other provisions necessary for the voyage having been taken in, on the 23d of October I unmoored and made ready for sea. While at Pernambuco I shortened the boom, which had been broken when off the coast of Morocco, by removing the broken piece, which took about four feet off the inboard end; I also refitted the jaws. On October 24, 1895, a fine day even as days go in Brazil, the *Spray* sailed, having had abundant good cheer. Making about one hundred miles a day along the coast, I arrived at Rio de Janeiro November 5, without any event worth mentioning, and about noon cast anchor near

the fort to await the official port visit and gain pratique.

I had decided to give the *Spray* a yawl rig for the tempestuous waters of Patagonia, and here placed on the stern a semicircular brace to support a jigger mast.



## CHAPTER VI

Departure from Rio de Janeiro—The *Spray* ashore on the sands of Uruguay—The boy who found a sloop—The *Spray* floated—Courtesies from the British Consul at Maldonado—A warm greeting at Montevideo—A pleasant stay in Buenos Aires.

ON November 28 the *Spray* sailed from Rio de Janeiro, and first of all ran into a gale of wind, which tore up things generally along the coast, doing considerable damage to shipping. It was well for her, perhaps, that she was clear of the land. Coasting along on this part of the voyage, I observed that while some of the small vessels I fell in with were able to outsail the *Spray* by day, they fell astern of her by night. To the *Spray* day and night were the same; to the others clearly there was a difference. On one of the very fine days experienced after leaving Rio, the steamship *South Wales* spoke the *Spray* and unsolicited gave the longitude by chronometer as  $48^{\circ}$  W., "as near as I can make it," the captain said. The *Spray*, with her tin clock, had exactly the same reckoning. The latitude was S.  $29^{\circ} 28'$ . I was feeling at ease in my primitive method of nav-

igation, but it startled me not a little to find my position by account verified by the ship's chronometer.

On December 5 a barkentine hove in sight, and for several days the two vessels sailed along the coast together. Right here a current was experienced setting north, making it necessary to hug the shore, with which the *Spray* became rather familiar. Here I confess a weakness: I hugged the shore too close, for at daybreak on the morning of December 11 the *Spray* ran hard and fast on the beach. The false appearance of the sand-hills under a bright moon had deceived me, and I lamented now that I had trusted to appearances at all. The sea, though moderately smooth, still carried a swell which broke with some force on the shore. I managed to launch my small dory from the deck, and ran out an anchor; but it was too late to haul the sloop off, for the tide was falling and had already settled a foot. Then I went about "laying out" the larger anchor, which was no easy matter, for my only life-boat, the frail dory, when the anchor and cable were in it, was swamped at once in the surf, the load being too great for her. Then I cut the cable and made two loads of it instead of one. The anchor, with forty fathoms of cable bent

on to it and already buoyed, I now took and succeeded in getting through the surf; but my dory was leaking fast, and by the time I had rowed far enough to drop the anchor she was full to the gunwale and sinking. There was not a moment to spare, and I saw clearly that if I failed now all might be lost. I sprang from the oars to my feet, and lifting the anchor above my head, threw it clear just as she was turning over. I grasped her gunwale and held on as she turned bottom up, for I suddenly remembered that I could not swim. Then I tried to right her, but with too much eagerness, for she rolled clean over, and left me as before, clinging to her gunwale, while my body was still in the water. Giving a moment to cool reflection, I found that although the wind was blowing moderately toward the land, the current was carrying me to sea, and that something would have to be done. Three times I had been under water, in trying to right the dory, and so I was seized by a determination to try yet once more, so that no one of the prophets of evil I had left behind could say, "I told you so." Whatever the danger may have been, much or little, I can truly say that the moment was the most serene of my life.

After righting the dory for the fourth time,

I finally succeeded by the utmost care in keeping her upright while I hauled myself into her and with one of the oars, which I had recovered, paddled to the shore, somewhat the worse for wear and pretty full of salt water. The position of my vessel, now high and dry, gave me anxiety. To get her afloat again was all I thought of or cared for. I had little difficulty in carrying the second part of my cable out and securing it to the first, which I had taken the precaution to buoy before I put it into the boat. To bring the end back to the sloop was a smaller matter still, and I believe I chuckled over my sorrows when I found that in all the haphazard my judgment or my good genius had faithfully stood by me. The cable reached from the anchor in deep water to the sloop's windlass by just enough to secure a turn and no more. The anchor had been dropped at the right distance from the vessel. To heave all taut now and wait for the coming tide was all I could do.

I had already done enough work to tire a stouter man, and was only too glad to throw myself on the sand above the tide and rest, for the sun was already up, and pouring a generous warmth over the land. While my state could have been worse, I was on the wild coast of a foreign country, and not entirely secure in

my property, as I soon found out. I had not been long on the shore when I heard the patter, patter, of a horse's feet approaching along the hard beach, which ceased as it came abreast of the ridge of sand where I lay sheltered from the wind.

Looking up cautiously I saw, mounted on a nag, probably the most astonished boy on the whole coast. He had found a sloop! "It must be mine," he thought, "for am I not the first to see it on the beach?" Sure enough, there it was all high and dry and painted white. He trotted his horse around it, and finding no owner, hitched the nag to the sloop's bobstay and hauled as though he would take her home; but of course she was too heavy for one horse to move. With my skiff, however, it was different; this he hauled some distance, and concealed behind a dune in a bunch of tall grass. He had made up his mind, I dare say, to bring more horses and drag his bigger prize away, anyhow, and was starting off for the settlement a mile or so away, when I discovered myself to him, at which he seemed displeased and disappointed. "Good morning, my boy," I said, in Spanish. He grunted a reply, and eyed me keenly from head to foot.

Then bursting into a volley of questions,—



more than six Yankees could ask,—he wanted to know, first, where my ship was from, and how many days she had been coming. Then he asked what I was doing here ashore so early in the morning. "Your questions are easily answered," I replied; "my ship is from the moon, it has taken her a month to come, and she is here for a cargo of boys." But this remark, had I not been on the alert, might have cost me dearly; for while I spoke the child of the plains coiled his lariat ready to throw, and instead of being himself carried to the moon, he was apparently thinking of towing me home by the neck, behind his horse, over the fields of Uruguay.

The exact spot where I was stranded was at the Castillo Chicos, about seven miles south of the dividing-line of Uruguay and Brazil, and of course the natives there speak Spanish. To put my early visitor in good humor, I told him that I had on my ship biscuits, and that I wished to trade them for butter and milk. On hearing this a broad grin lighted up his face, and showed that he was greatly interested, and that even in Uruguay a ship's biscuit will cheer the heart of a boy and make him your bosom friend. The lad almost flew home, and returned quickly with butter, milk, and eggs. I was, after all, in



A Double Surprise.



a land of plenty. With the boy came others, old and young, from neighboring ranches, among them a German settler, who was of great assistance to me in many ways.

A coast-guard from Fort Teresa, a few miles away, also came, "to protect your property from the natives of the plains," he said. I took occasion to tell him, however, that if he would look after the people of his own village, I would take care of those from the plains, pointing, as I spoke, to the nondescript "merchant" who had already stolen my revolver and several small articles from my cabin, which by a bold front I had recovered. The chap was not a native Uruguayan. Here, as in many other places that I visited, the natives themselves were not the ones discreditable to the country.

Early in the day a despatch came from the port captain of Montevideo, commanding the coast-guards to render the *Spray* every assistance. This, however, was not necessary, for a guard was already on the alert, and making all the ado that would become the wreck of a steamer with a thousand emigrants aboard. The same messenger brought word from the port captain that he would despatch a steam-tug to tow the *Spray* to Montevideo. The offi-

cer was as good as his word; a powerful tug arrived on the following day; but, to make a long story short, with the help of the German and one soldier and one Italian, called "Angel of Milan," I had already floated the sloop and was sailing for port with the boom off before a fair wind. The adventure cost the *Spray* no small amount of pounding on the hard sand; she lost her shoe and part of her false keel, and received other damage, which, however, was readily mended afterward in dock.

On the following day I anchored at Maldonado. The British consul, his daughter, and another young lady came on board, bringing with them a basket of fresh eggs, strawberries, bottles of milk, and a great loaf of sweet bread. This was a good landfall, and better cheer than I had found at Maldonado once upon a time when I entered the port with a stricken crew in my bark, the *Aquidneck*.

Shortly after the good consul's visit, the *Spray* sailed for Montevideo, where she arrived on the following day and was saluted till I felt embarrassed and wished that I had arrived unobserved. The voyage so far may have seemed to the Uruguayans a feat worthy of some recognition; but there was so much of it yet ahead, and of such an arduous nature, that any



demonstration at this point seemed, somehow, like boasting prematurely.

The *Spray* had barely come to anchor at Montevideo when the agents of the Royal Mail Steamship Company, Messrs. Humphreys & Co., sent word that they would dock and repair her free of expense and give me twenty pounds sterling, which they did, and more besides. The calkers at Montevideo paid very careful attention to the work of making the sloop tight. Carpenters mended the keel and also the life-boat (the dory), painting it till I hardly knew it from a butterfly.

Christmas of 1895 found the *Spray* refitted even to a wonderful makeshift stove which was contrived from a large iron drum of some sort, punched full of holes to give it a draft; the pipe reached straight up through the top of the forecastle. Now, this was not a stove by mere courtesy. It was always hungry for wood; and in cold, wet days off the coast of Tierra del Fuego, it stood me in good stead. Its one door swung on copper hinges, which one of the yard apprentices, with laudable pride, polished till the whole thing blushed like the brass binnacle of a steamer. There was nothing in the weather about Christmas at Montevideo to suggest the need of a stove, for it being mid-

summer in that country, the weather was excessively warm.

The *Spray* was now ready for sea. Instead of proceeding at once on her voyage, however, she made an excursion up the river, sailing December 29. An old friend of mine, Captain Howard of Cape Cod and of River Plate fame, took the trip in her to Buenos Aires, where she arrived early on the following day, with a gale of wind and a current so much in her favor that she outdid herself. I was glad to have a sailor of Howard's experience on board to witness her performance of sailing with no living being at the helm. Howard sat near the binnacle and watched the compass while the sloop held her course so steadily that one would have declared that the compass-card was nailed fast. My old friend had owned and sailed a pilot-sloop on the river for many years, but this feat took the wind out of his sails at last, and he cried, "I never saw the like of it!" Perhaps he had never given his sloop a chance to show what she could do. The point I make for the *Spray* here, above all other points, is that she sailed in shoal water and in a strong current, with other difficult and unusual conditions. Captain Howard was a sailor who could take all this into account.

I had not been in Buenos Aires for a number of years. The place where I had once landed from packets, in a cart, was now built up with magnificent docks. Vast fortunes had been spent in remodelling the harbor. The port captain, after assigning the *Spray* a safe berth, with his compliments, sent me word to call on him for anything I might want while in port, and I felt quite sure that his friendship was sincere. The sloop was well cared for at Buenos Aires; her dockage and tonnage dues were all free, and the yachting fraternity of the city welcomed her with a good will. In town I found things not so greatly changed as about the docks, and I soon felt myself more at home.

I had forwarded a letter from Sir Edward Hairby, grandson of Sir John Franklin, to the owner of the "Standard," Mr. Mulhall of Buenos Aires. This assured me a warm welcome to the great southern metropolis. Mr. Mulhall met me at the docks as soon as the *Spray* was berthed, and would have me go to his house at once, where a room was waiting me. It was now New Year's day, 1896. The course of the *Spray* had been followed in the columns of the "Standard."

Mr. Mulhall kindly drove me to see many

improvements about the city, and we went in search of some of the old landmarks. The man who sold "lemonade" on the plaza when first I visited this wonderful city, I found selling lemonade still at two cents a glass; he had made a fortune by it. His stock in trade was a wash-tub and a neighboring hydrant, a moderate supply of brown sugar, and about six lemons that floated on the sweetened water. The water from time to time was renewed from the friendly pump, but the lemon "went on forever," and all at two cents a glass.

Farther along in the city, survived the good man who painted on the side of his store, where thoughtful men might read and learn: "This wicked world will be destroyed by a comet! The owner of this store is therefore bound to sell out at any price and avoid the catastrophe." My friend Mr. Mulhall drove me around to view the fearful comet with streaming tail pictured large on the trembling merchant's walls.

I unshipped the sloop's mast at Buenos Aires and shortened it by seven feet. I reduced the length of the bowsprit by about five feet, and even then I found it reaching far enough from home; and more than once, when on the end of it reefing the jib, I regretted that I had not shortened it another foot.

## CHAPTER VII

Weighing anchor at Buenos Aires—The *Spray* submerged by a great wave—Fine weather—A stormy entrance to the Strait of Magellan—Captain Samblich's happy gift of a bag of carpet tacks—Experience with Williwaws—Off Cape Froward—Pursued by Fuegian Indians in Fortescue Bay—Towed by a Chilian gunboat—Animal life in the strait.

ON January 26, 1896, the *Spray*, being refitted and well provisioned in every way, sailed from Buenos Aires. There was little wind at the start; the surface of the great river was like a silver disk, and I was glad of a tow from a harbor tug to clear the port entrance. But a gale came up soon after, causing an ugly sea, and instead of being all silver, as before, the river was now all mud. The Plate is a treacherous place for storms. One sailing there should always be on the alert for squalls. I cast anchor before dark in the best lee I could find near the land, but was tossed miserably all night, heartsore of choppy seas. On the following morning I got the sloop under way, and with reefed sails worked her down the river against a head wind. Standing in that night to the place where pilot Howard joined me for the



up-river sail, I took a departure, shaping my course to clear Point Indio on the one hand, and the English Bank on the other.

I had not for many years been south of these regions. I will not say that I expected all fine sailing on the course for Cape Horn direct, but while I worked at the sails and rigging I thought only of onward and forward. It was when I anchored in the lonely places that a feeling of awe crept over me. At the last anchorage on the monotonous and muddy river, weak as it may seem, I gave way to my feelings. I resolved then that I would anchor no more north of the Strait of Magellan.

On the 28th of January the *Spray* was clear of Point Indio, English Bank, and all the other dangers of the River Plate. With a fair wind she then bore away for the Strait of Magellan, under all sail, pressing farther and farther toward the wonderland of the South, till I almost forgot the blessings of our milder North.

My ship passed in safety Bahia Blanca, also the Gulf of St. Matias and the mighty Gulf of St. George, off whose coasts are destructive tide-races, the dread of big craft or little. I gave all the capes a berth of about fifty miles to clear these dangers, for they extend many miles from the land. But where the sloop avoided

one danger she encountered another. For, one day, well off this rough coast, while scudding under short sail, a tremendous wave, the culmination, it seemed, of many waves, rolled down upon her in a storm, roaring as it came. I had only a moment to get all sail down and myself up on the peak halliards, out of danger, when I saw the mighty crest towering masthead-high above me. The mountain of water submerged my vessel. She shook in every timber and reeled under the weight of the sea, but rose quickly out of it, and rode grandly over the rollers that followed. It may have been a minute that from my hold in the rigging I could see no part of the *Spray's* hull. Perhaps it was even less time than that, but it seemed a long while, for under great excitement one lives fast, and in a few seconds one may think a great deal of one's past life. Not only did the past, with electric speed, flash before me, but I had time while in my hazardous position for resolutions for the future that would take a long time to fulfil. The first one was, I remember, that if the *Spray* came through this danger I would dedicate my best energies to building a larger ship on her lines, which I hope yet to do. Other promises, less easily kept, I should have made under protest. However, the in-

cident, which filled me with fear, was only one more test of the *Spray's* seaworthiness. It reassured me against rude Cape Horn.

From the time the great wave swept over the *Spray* until she reached Cape Virgin nothing occurred to move a pulse and set blood in motion. On the contrary, the weather became fine, the sea smooth, and life tranquil. The phenomenon of mirage I witnessed once, and that of looming frequently occurred. I saw, a long way off, the land for which I was steering pictured against the sky in the glistening haze. An albatross sitting on the water one day loomed up like a large ship; two fur-seals asleep on the surface of the sea appeared like great whales, and a bank of haze I could have sworn was high land. The kaleidoscope then changed, and on the following day I sailed in a world where everything seemed small.

On February 11 the *Spray* rounded Cape Virgin and entered the Strait of Magellan. The scene was gloomy; the wind, northeast, and blowing a gale, sent feather-white spume along the coast; such a sea ran as would swamp an ill-appointed ship. As the sloop neared the entrance to the Strait I observed that two great tide-races made ahead, one very close to the point of the land and one farther offshore. Be-

tween the two, in a sort of channel, through combers, went the *Spray* with close-reefed sails. My early experiences in the strong tideway on the Bay of Fundy benefited me now. A rolling sea, however, followed her a long way in, and a fierce head current swept around the cape; but this she stemmed, and was soon chirruping under the lee of Cape Virgin and running every minute into smoother water. Long trailing kelp from sunken rocks waved forebodingly under her keel, and the wreck of a great steamship smashed on the beach abreast gave a gloomy aspect to the scene.

I was not to be let off easy. The Virgin would collect tribute even from the *Spray* passing the promontory. Fitful rain-squalls from the northwest followed the northeast gale. I reefed the sloop's sails, for it was now the blackest of nights all around, except away in the southwest, where the old familiar white arch of a sky clearing for more wind rapidly pushed up by a southwest gale, the terror of Cape Horn. I had only a moment to lower sail and lash all solid when it struck like a shot from a cannon, and for the first half-hour it was something to be remembered by way of a gale. For thirty hours it kept on blowing hard. The sloop could carry no more than a three-reefed

mainsail and forestaysail; with these she held on stoutly and was not blown out of the strait. In the height of the squalls in this gale she doused all sail, and this occurred often enough.

Then the wind moderated till she could carry all sail again, and the *Spray*, passing through the narrows without mishap, cast anchor at Sandy Point on February 14, 1896.

Sandy Point (Punta Arenas) is a Chilean coal-ing-station, and boasts about two thousand inhabitants, of mixed nationality, but mostly Chileans. What with sheep-farming, gold-mining, and hunting, the settlers in this dreary land seemed not the worst off in the world. But the natives, Patagonian and Fuegian, were wretchedly squalid.

The port at the time of my visit was free, but a custom-house was in course of construction. A soldier police guarded the place, aided at times by a sort of vigilante force. Just previous to my arrival the governor had sent a party to foray a Fuegian settlement and wipe out what they could of it on account of the recent massacre of a schooner's crew somewhere else. The port captain, a Chilean naval officer, advised me to ship hands to fight Indians in the strait farther west, and spoke of my stopping until a gun-boat should be going



through, which would give me a tow. After canvassing the place, however, I found only one man willing to embark, and he on condition that I should ship another "mon and a doog." But as no one else was willing to come along, and as I drew the line at dogs, I said no more about the matter, but loaded my guns. At this point in my dilemma Captain Pedro Samblich, a good Austrian of large experience, coming along, gave me a bag of carpet-tacks, worth more than all the fighting men and dogs of Tierra del Fuego. I protested that I had no use for carpet-tacks on board. Samblich smiled at my want of experience, and maintained stoutly that I would have use for them. "You must use them with discretion," he said; "that is to say, don't step on them yourself." With this remote hint about the use of the tacks I got on all right, and saw the way to maintain clear decks at night without the care of watching.

Samblich was greatly interested in my voyage, and after giving me the tacks, he put on board bags of biscuits and a large quantity of smoked venison. He declared that my bread, which was ordinary sea-biscuits and easily broken, was not as nutritious as his, which was so hard that I could break it only with a stout

blow from a maul. Then he gave me, from his own sloop, a compass which was certainly better than mine, and he offered to unbend her mainsail for me if I would accept it. Last of all, this large-hearted man brought out a bottle of Fuegian gold-dust from a place where it had been *cached* and begged me to help myself from it, for use farther along on the voyage. But I felt sure of success without this draft on a friend, and I was right. Samblich's tacks, as it turned out, were of more value than gold.

The port captain finding that I was resolved to go, even alone, since there was no help for it, set up no further objections, but advised me, in case the savages tried to surround me with their canoes, to shoot straight, and begin to do it in time, but to avoid killing them if possible, which I heartily agreed to do. With these simple injunctions the officer gave me my port clearance free of charge, and I sailed on the same day, February 19, 1896. It was not without thoughts of strange and stirring adventure beyond all I had yet encountered that I now sailed into the country and very core of the savage Fuegians.

A fair wind from Sandy Point brought me on the first day to St. Nicholas Bay. Seeing no signs of savages here, I came to anchor in eight

fathoms of water, where I lay all night at the foot of a mountain. From this point I had experiences with the terrific squalls, called williwaws, which extended on through the strait to the Pacific. A full-blown williwaw will throw a ship, even without sail on, over on her beam ends; but, like other gales, they cease now and then, if only for a short time.

February 20 was my birthday, and I found myself alone, with hardly so much as a bird in sight, off Cape Froward, the southernmost point of the continent of America. By daylight in the morning I was getting my ship under way for the bout ahead.

Thirty miles farther brought her to Forrescue Bay, and at once among signal-fires of the natives which now blazed up on all sides. At twelve o'clock that night, I gained anchor-age under the lee of a little island, and then prepared myself a cup of coffee, of which I was sorely in need; for, to tell the truth, hard beating in the heavy squalls and against the current had told on my strength. The wind had changed from fair to foul early in the evening. Finding that the anchor held, I drank my beverage, and named the place Coffee Island. It lies to the south of Charles Island, with only a narrow channel between.

By daylight the next morning the *Spray* was again under way, beating hard ; but she came to in a cove in Charles Island, two and a half miles along on her course. Here she remained undisturbed two days, with both anchors down in a bed of kelp. Indeed, she might have remained undisturbed indefinitely had not the wind moderated ; for during these two days it blew so hard, that no boat could venture out on the strait, and the natives being away to other hunting-grounds, the island anchorage was safe. But at the end of the fierce wind-storm fair weather came ; then I weighed my anchors, and again sailed out upon the strait.

Canoes manned by savages from Fortescue now came in pursuit. The wind falling light, they gained on me rapidly till coming within hail, when they ceased paddling, and a bow-legged savage stood up and called to me, "Yammerschooner ! yammerschooner !" which is their begging term. I said, "No !" Now, I did not wish them to know I was alone, and so I stepped into the cabin, and, passing through the hold, came out at the fore-scuttle, changing my clothes as I went along. That made two men. Then the piece of bowsprit which I had sawed off at Buenos Aires, and which I had still on board, I arranged forward on the look-

out, dressed as a seaman, attaching a line by which I could pull it into motion. That made three of us, and we didn't want to "yammer-schooner"; but for all that the savages came on faster than before.

I saw that besides four at the paddles in the canoe nearest to me, there were others in the bottom, and that they were shifting hands often. At eighty yards I fired a shot across the bows of the nearest canoe, at which they all stopped, but only for a moment. Seeing that they persisted in coming nearer, I fired the second shot so close to the chap who wanted to "yammerschooner" that he changed his mind quickly enough and bellowed in Spanish, "All right! I am going to the island," and sitting down in his canoe, he rubbed one side of his head for some time. I was thinking of the good port captain's advice when I pulled the trigger, and aimed pretty straight; however, a miss was as good as a mile for Mr. "Black Pedro," as he it was, and no other, a leader in several bloody massacres. He made for the island now, and the others followed him. I knew by his Spanish lingo and by his full beard that he was the villain I have named, mongrel, and the worst murderer in Tierra del Fuego. The authorities had been in search



of him for two years. The Fuegians are not bearded.

So much for the first day among the savages. I came to anchor at midnight in Three Island Cove, about twenty miles along from Fortescue Bay. I saw on the opposite side of the strait signal-fires, and heard the barking of dogs, but where I lay it was quite deserted by natives. I always took it as a sign that where I found birds sitting about, or seals on the rocks, I should not find savage Indians. Seals are never plentiful in these waters, but in Three Island Cove I saw one on the rocks, and other signs of the absence of savage man.

On the next day the wind was again blowing a gale, and although she was in the lee of the land, the sloop dragged her anchors, so that I had to get her under way and beat farther into the cove, where I came to in a landlocked pool. At another time or place this would have been a rash thing to do, and it was safe now only from the fact that the gale which drove me to shelter would keep the Indians from crossing the strait. This being the case, I went ashore with gun and axe on an island, where I could not in any event be surprised, and there felled trees and split about a cord of fire-wood, which loaded my small boat several times,

While I carried the wood, though I was morally sure there were no savages near, I never once went to or from the skiff without my gun. While I had that and a clear field of over eighty yards about me I felt safe.

The trees on the island, very scattering, were a sort of beech and a stunted cedar, both of which made good fuel. Even the green limbs of the beech, which seemed to possess a resinous quality, burned readily in my great drum-stove. In the Strait of Magellan the greatest vigilance was necessary, but I took care against all kinds of surprises, whether by animals or by the elements. In this instance I reasoned that I had all about me the greatest danger of the voyage—the treachery of cunning savages, for which I must be particularly on the alert.

The *Spray* sailed from Three Island Cove in the morning after the gale went down, but was glad to return for shelter from another sudden gale. Sailing again on the following day, she fetched Borgia Bay, a few miles on her course, where vessels had anchored from time to time and had nailed boards on the trees ashore with name and date of harboring carved or painted. Nothing else could I see to indicate that civilized man had ever been there. I had taken a

survey of the gloomy place with my spy-glass and was getting my boat out to land and take notes, when the Chilean gun-boat *Huemul* came in, and officers, coming on board, advised me to leave the place at once, a thing that required little eloquence to persuade me to do. I accepted the captain's kind offer of a tow to the next anchorage, at the place called Notch Cove, eight miles farther along, where I should be clear of the worst of the Fuegians.

We made anchorage at the cove about dark that night, while the wind came down in fierce williwaws from the mountains. An instance of Magellan weather was afforded when the *Huemul*, a well-appointed gun-boat of great power, after attempting on the following day to proceed on her voyage, was obliged by sheer force of the wind to return and take up anchorage again and remain till the gale abated, and lucky she was to get back!

Meeting this vessel was a little godsend. She was commanded and officered by high-class sailors and educated gentlemen.

I was left alone the next day, for then the *Huemul* put out on her voyage, the gale having abated. I spent a day taking in wood and water; by the end of that time the weather was fine. Then I sailed from the desolate place.

There is little more to be said concerning the *Spray's* first passage through the strait that would differ from what I have already recorded. She anchored and weighed anchor many times, and beat many days against the current, till finally she gained anchorage and shelter for the night at Port Tamar, with Cape Pillar in sight to the west. Here I felt the throb of the great ocean that lay before me. I knew now that I had put a world behind me, and that I was opening out another world ahead. I had passed the haunts of savages. Great piles of granite mountains of bleak and lifeless aspect were now astern; on some of them not even a speck of moss had ever grown. There was an unfinished newness all about the land now in sight. On the hill back of Port Tamar a small beacon had been thrown up, the only indication that man had ever been there.

Throughout the whole of the strait west of Cape Froward I saw no animals except the dogs of the savages and the savages themselves. These I saw often enough, and heard their dogs yelping night and day. Birds were not plentiful. The scream of a wild fowl, which I took for a loon, sometimes startled me with its piercing cry. The steam-boat duck, so called because it propels itself over the sea with

its wings, and resembles a miniature side-wheel steamer in its motion, was sometimes seen scurrying ahead. It never flies, but, hitting the water instead of the air with its wings, it moves faster than a row-boat or a canoe. The few fur-seals I saw were very shy ; and of fishes I saw next to none at all. I did not catch one ; indeed, I seldom or never put a hook over during the whole voyage. Here in the strait I found great abundance of mussels of an excellent quality. I fared sumptuously on them. There was a sort of swan, smaller than a Muscovy duck, which might have been brought down with the gun, but in the loneliness of life about the dreary country I found myself in no mood to make one life less, except in self-defence.



## CHAPTER VIII

From Cape Pillar into the Pacific—In the grasp of a Cape Horn tempest—Captain Slocum's greatest sea adventure—Reaching the strait again by way of Cockburn Channel—The savages learn the use of carpet-tacks—A series of fierce Williwaws—Again sailing westward.

IT was the 3d of March when the *Spray* sailed from Port Tamar direct for Cape Pillar, with the wind from the northeast, which I fervently hoped might hold till she cleared the land; but there was no such good luck in store. It soon began to rain and thicken in the northwest, boding no good. The *Spray* neared Cape Pillar rapidly, and, nothing loath, plunged into the Pacific Ocean at once, taking her first bath of it in the gathering storm. There was no turning back even had I wished to do so, for the land was now shut out by the darkness of night. The wind freshened, and I took in a third reef. The sea was confused and treacherous. I saw now only the gleaming crests of the waves. They showed white teeth while the sloop balanced over them. "Everything for an offing," I cried, and I carried on all the sail she would bear.

She ran all night with a free sheet, but on the morning of March 4 the wind shifted to southwest, then back suddenly to northwest, and blew with terrific force. The *Spray*, stripped of her sails, then bore off under bare poles. No ship in the world could have stood up against so violent a gale. Knowing that this storm might continue for many days, and that it would be impossible to work back to the westward along the coast outside of Tierra del Fuego, I had reason to think that I should be obliged to sail east-about after all. The only course for my present safety lay in keeping her before the wind. And so she drove southeast, as though about to round the Horn, while the waves rose and fell and bellowed with never-ending fury; but the Hand that held these held also the *Spray*. She was running now with a reefed forestaysail, the sheets flat amidship. I paid out two long ropes astern to steady her course and to break combing seas, and I lashed the helm amidship. In this trim she ran before it, shipping never a sea. Even while the storm raged at its worst, my ship was wholesome and noble. My mind as to her seaworthiness was put at ease for aye.

When all had been done that I could do for the safety of the vessel, I got to the fore-scuttle,

between seas, and prepared a pot of coffee over a wood fire, and made a good Irish stew. Then, as before and afterward on the *Spray*, I insisted on warm meals. In the tide-race off Cape Pillar, however, where the sea was marvellously high, uneven, and crooked, my appetite was slim, and for a time I postponed cooking. (Confidentially, I was sea-sick!)

In no part of the world could a rougher sea be found than at this point, namely, off Cape Pillar, the grim sentinel of the Horn.

Farther offshore, while the sea was majestic, there was less apprehension of danger. There the *Spray* rode, like a bird over the crest of the waves, or sat composedly for a moment deep down in the hollow between seas; and so she drove on. These days passed, as other days, but with always a thrill—yes, of delight.

On the fourth day of the gale, rapidly nearing the pitch of Cape Horn, I inspected my chart and pricked off the course and distance to Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, where I might find my way and refit, when I saw through a rift in the clouds a high mountain, about seven leagues away on the port beam. The fierce edge of the gale by this time had blown off, and I had already bent a squaresail on the boom in place of the mainsail, which was torn to rags.

I hauled in the trailing ropes, hoisted this awkward sail reefed, the forestaysail being already set, and under this sail brought her at once on the wind, heading for what appeared as an island in the sea. So it turned out to be, though not the one I had supposed.

I was exultant over the prospect of once more entering the Strait of Magellan and beating through again into the Pacific, for it was more than rough on the outside coast of Tierra del Fuego. It was indeed a mountainous sea. Under pressure of the smallest sail I could set the *Spray* made for the land like a race-horse, and steering her over the crests of the waves so that she might not trip was nice work. I stood at the helm now and made the most of it.

Night had already closed when I saw breakers ahead. At this I wore ship and stood offshore, but was immediately startled by the tremendous roaring of breakers again ahead and on the lee bow. This puzzled me, for there should have been no broken water where I supposed myself to be. I kept off a good bit, then wore round, but finding broken water also there, threw her head again offshore. In this way, among dangers, I spent the rest of the night. Hail and sleet in the fierce squalls cut my flesh till the blood trickled over my face; but what of that?

When daylight came I found that the sloop was in the midst of the Milky Way of the sea, which is northwest of Cape Horn, and that it was the white breakers of a huge sea over sunken rocks which had threatened to engulf her through the night. It was Fury Island I had sighted and steered for, and what a panorama was before me now and all around! What could I do but fill away among the breakers and find a channel between them, now that it was day? Since she had escaped the rocks through the night, surely she would find her way by daylight. This was the greatest sea adventure of my life. God knows how my vessel escaped.

The sloop at last reached inside of small islands that sheltered her in smooth water. Then I climbed the mast to survey the wild scene outside. The great naturalist Darwin looked over this sea-scape from the deck of the *Beagle*, and wrote vividly in his journal concerning it.

The *Spray's* good luck followed fast. As she sailed along through a labyrinth of islands, I discovered that she was in Cockburn Channel, which leads into the Strait of Magellan at a point opposite Cape Froward, and that she was already passing Thieves' Bay, suggestively named. And at night, March 8, behold, she



was at anchor in a snug cove at the Turn! Every heart-beat on the *Spray* now counted thanks.

Here I pondered on the events of the last few days, and, strangely enough, instead of feeling rested from sitting or lying down, I now began to feel jaded and worn; but a hot meal of venison stew soon put me right, so that I could sleep. As drowsiness came on I sprinkled the deck with tacks, and then I turned in, bearing in mind the advice of my old friend Samblich that I was not to step on them myself. I saw to it carefully that most of them stood point up; for when the *Spray* passed Thieves' Bay two canoes put out and followed in her wake, and there was no disguising the fact any longer that I was alone.

Now, it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on the sharp end of a carpet-tack; a savage will howl and claw the air, and that was just what happened that night about twelve o'clock, while I was asleep in the cabin, where the savages thought they had the better of me, sloop and all, but changed their minds when they stepped on deck, for then they thought that I or somebody else had them. I had no

need of a dog; they howled like a pack of hounds. I had hardly use for a gun. They jumped pell-mell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, and there was a deal of free language over it as they went. I fired several guns when I came on deck, to let the rascals know that I was at home, and then I turned in again, feeling sure I should not be disturbed any more by people who left in so great a hurry.

The Fuegians, being cruel, are naturally cowards; they regard a rifle with superstitious fear. The only real danger one could see that might come from their quarter would be from allowing them to surround one within bow-shot, or to anchor within range where they might lie in ambush. As for their coming on deck at night, even had I not put tacks about, I could have cleared them off by shots from the cabin and the hold. I always kept a quantity of ammunition within reach in the hold and in the cabin and in the forepeak, so that retreating to any of these places I could hold the situation simply by shooting up through the deck.

Perhaps the greatest danger to be apprehended was from the use of fire. Every canoe carries fire; nothing is thought of that, for it is their custom to communicate by smoke-signals.

The harmless brand that lies smouldering in the bottom of one of their canoes might be ablaze in one's cabin if he were not on the alert. The port captain of Sandy Point warned me particularly of this danger. Only a short time before they had fired a Chilean gun-boat by throwing brands in through the stern windows of the cabin. The *Spray* had no openings in the cabin or deck, except two scuttles, and these were guarded by fastenings which could not be undone without waking me if I were asleep.

On the morning of the 9th, after a refreshing rest and a warm breakfast, and after I had swept up the tacks, I got out what spare canvas there was on board, and began to sew the pieces together in the shape of a peak for my squaremainsail, the tarpaulin. The day to all appearances promised fine weather and light winds, but appearances in Tierra del Fuego do not always count. While I was wondering why no trees grew on the slope abreast of the anchorage, half minded to lay by the sail-making and go on shore with my gun and inspect a white boulder on the beach near the brook, a williwaw came down with such terrific force as to carry the *Spray*, with two anchors down, like a feather out of the cove and away into deep water. No wonder trees did

not grow on the side of that hill. Great Boreas! a tree would need to be all roots to hold on against such a furious wind.

From the cove to the nearest land to leeward was a long drift, however, and I had ample time to weigh both anchors before the sloop came near any danger, and so no harm came of it. I saw no more savages that day or the next; they probably had some sign by which they knew of the coming williwaws; at least, they were wise in not being afloat even on the second day, for I had no sooner gotten to work at sail-making again, after the anchor was down, than the wind, as on the day before, picked the sloop up and flung her seaward with a vengeance, anchor and all, as before. This fierce wind, usual to the Magellan country, continued on through the day, and swept the sloop by several miles of steep bluffs and precipices overhanging a bold shore of unusually wild and uninviting appearance. I was not sorry to get away from it, though in doing so it was no Elysian shore to which I shaped my course. I kept on sailing in hope, since I had no choice but to go on, heading across for St. Nicholas Bay, where I had cast anchor February 19. It was now the 10th of March! Upon reaching the bay the second time I had circumnavigated

the wildest part of desolate Tierra del Fuego. The sea was turbulent, and by the merest accident the *Spray* saved her bones from the rocks, coming into the bay. The parting of a stay-sail-sheet in a williwaw, when she was plunging into the storm, brought me forward to see instantly a dark cliff ahead and breakers so close under the bows that I felt surely lost, and in my thoughts cried, "Is the hand of fate against me, after all, leading me in the end to this dark spot?" I sprang aft again, unheeding the flapping sail, and threw the wheel over, expecting, as the sloop came down into the hollow of a wave, to feel her timbers smash under me on the rocks. But at the touch of her helm she swung clear of the danger, and in the next moment was in the lee of the land.

It was the small island in the middle of the bay for which the sloop had been steering, and which she made with such unerring aim as nearly to run it down. Farther along in the bay was the anchorage, which I managed to reach, but before I could get the anchor down another squall caught the sloop and whirled her round like a top and carried her away, altogether to leeward of the bay. Still farther to leeward was a great headland, and I bore off



for that. This was retracing my course toward Sandy Point, for the gale was from the southwest.

I had the sloop soon under good control, however, and in a short time rounded to under the lee of a mountain, where the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the sails flapped and hung limp while she carried her way close in. Here I thought I would anchor and rest till morning, the depth being eight fathoms very close to the shore. But it was interesting to see, as I let go the anchor, that it did not reach bottom before another williwaw struck down from this mountain and carried the sloop off faster than I could pay out cable. Therefore, instead of resting, I had to heave up the anchor with fifty fathoms of cable hanging up and down in deep water. This was in that part of the strait called Famine Reach. Dismal Famine Reach! On the sloop's crab-windlass I worked the rest of the night.

It was daybreak when the anchor was at the hawse. By this time the wind had gone down, and cat's-paw took the place of williwaws, while the sloop drifted slowly toward Sandy Point. She came within sight of ships at anchor in the roads, and I was more than half minded to put in for new sails, but the wind coming out from

the northeast, which was fair for the other direction, I turned the prow of the *Spray* westward once more for the Pacific, to traverse a second time the second half of my first course through the strait.

## CHAPTER IX

Repairing the *Spray's* sails—Savages again—An obstreperous anchor—An encounter with Black Pedro—A visit to the steamship *Colombia*—On the defensive against a fleet of canoes—A record of voyages through the strait.

I WAS determined to rely on my own small resources to repair the damages of the great gale which drove me off from Cape Pillar toward the Horn. And so when I had got back into the strait, by way of Cockburn Channel, I did not proceed eastward for help at the Sandy Point settlement, but turning again to the northwestward, set to work with my palm and needle at every opportunity to refit. It was slow work; but little by little the squaresail on the boom expanded to the dimensions of a serviceable mainsail. If it was not the best-setting sail afloat, it was at least strongly made and would stand a hard blow. A ship, meeting the *Spray* long afterward, reported her as wearing a mainsail of some improved design and patent reefer, but that was not the case.

The *Spray* for a few days after the storm enjoyed fine weather, and made fair time through

the strait for the distance of twenty miles, which, in these days of many adversities, I called a long run. The weather, I say, was fine for a few days; but it brought little rest. Care for the safety of my vessel, and even for my own life, was in no wise lessened by the absence of heavy weather. Indeed, the peril was even greater, inasmuch as the savages on comparatively fine days ventured forth on their marauding excursions, while in boisterous weather they disappeared from sight, their wretched canoes being frail and undeserving the name of craft at all. This being so, I rather enjoyed gales of wind, and the *Spray* was never long without them during her struggles about Cape Horn. I became in a measure hardened to the life. At Snug Bay, where I anchored at gray morning after passing Cape Froward, I saw, when broad day appeared, that two canoes which I had eluded by sailing all night were now entering the same bay stealthily under the shadow of the high headland. They were manned by a dozen or more savages, armed with spears and bows. At a shot from my rifle across the bows, both turned aside into a small creek out of range. In danger now of being flanked by the savages in the bush close aboard, I was obliged to hoist the sails, which I had

barely lowered, and make across to the opposite side of the strait, a distance of six miles. But now I was put to my wit's end as to how I should weigh anchor, for through an accident to the windlass right here I could not budge it. However, I set all sail and filled away, first hauling short by hand. The sloop dragged her anchor loose as though it was meant to be always towed in this way under the bow, and with it she towed a ton or more of kelp from a reef in the bay, the wind blowing a wholesale breeze.

Meanwhile I worked till blood started from my fingers. I watched at the same time, and sent a bullet whistling landward whenever I saw a limb or a twig move; for I kept a gun always at hand, and had an Indian appeared then within range; it would have been a declaration of war. As it was, however, a little of my own blood was all that was spilt. "Sea-cuts" in my hands from pulling on hard, wet ropes were sometimes painful and often bled freely; but these healed when I finally got away from the strait into fine weather.

After clearing Snug Bay I hauled the sloop to the wind, repaired the windlass, and hove the anchor to the hawse, made it fast on the bow, and then stretched across to a port of



refuge under a high mountain about six miles away, and came to in nine fathoms close under the face of a perpendicular cliff. Here my own voice answered back, and I named the place "Echo Mountain." Seeing dead trees farther along where the shore was broken, I made a landing for fuel, taking, besides my axe, a rifle, which on these days I never left far from hand; but I saw no living thing here except a few insects.

I made haste the following morning to be under way after a night of wakefulness on the weird shore. Before weighing anchor, however, I prepared a cup of warm coffee over a brisk wood fire in my great Montevideo stove. The *Spray* now reached away for Coffee Island, which I had sighted on my birthday, February 20, 1896.

There she encountered another gale, that brought her in the lee of great Charles Island for shelter. On a bluff point on the island were signal-fires, and a tribe of savages, mustered here since my first trip through the strait, manned their canoes to put off for the sloop. I made signs that one canoe might come alongside, while the sloop ranged about under sail in the lee of the land. The others I motioned to keep off, and incidentally laid a rifle in sight,

close at hand, on the top of the cabin. In the canoe that came alongside, crying their never-ending begging word "yammerschooner," were two squaws and one Indian, the hardest specimens of humanity I had ever seen in any of my travels. "Yammerschooner" was their plaint when they pushed off from the shore, and "yammerschooner" it was when they got alongside.

The squaws beckoned for food, while the Indian, a black-visaged savage, stood sulkily as if he took no interest at all in the matter, but on turning my back for some biscuits and jerked beef for the squaws, he sprang on deck and confronted me, saying in Spanish jargon that we had met before. I thought I recognized the tone of his "yammerschooner," and now his full beard identified him as the Black Pedro whom, it was true, I had met before.

"Where are the rest of the crew?" he asked in Spanish, as he looked uneasily around, expecting hands, maybe, to come out of the fore-scuttle and deal him his just deserts for many murders. "About three weeks ago," said he, "when you passed up here, I saw three men on board. Where are the other two?" I answered him briefly that the same crew was still on board. "But," said he, "I see you are doing all

the work," and with a leer he added, as he glanced at the mainsail, "you are a strong man." I explained that I did all the work in the day, while the rest of the crew slept, so that they would be fresh to watch for Indians at night. I was interested in the subtle cunning of this savage, knowing him, as I did, better perhaps than he was aware. Even had I not been advised before I sailed from Sandy Point, I should have measured him for an archvillain now. Moreover, one of the squaws, with that spark of kindness which is somehow found in the breast of even the lowest savage, warned me by a sign to be on my guard, or Black Pedro would do me harm. There was no need of the warning, however, for I was on my guard from the first, and at that moment held a smart revolver in my hand ready for instant service.

"When you sailed through here before," he said, "you fired a shot at me," adding with some warmth that it was "very bad." I affected not to understand, and said, "You have lived at Sandy Point; have you not?" He answered frankly "Yes," and appeared all at once delighted to meet one who had come from the dear old place. "At the mission?" I queried. "Why, yes," he replied, stepping forward as if to embrace an old friend. I motioned him back, for I did not

share his flattering humor. "And you know Captain Pedro Samblich?" continued I. "Yes," said the villain, who had killed a kinsman of Samblich—"yes, indeed; he is a great friend of mine."

"I know it," said I. Samblich had told me to shoot him on sight. Pointing to my rifle on the cabin, he wanted to know how many times it fired. When I explained to him that that gun kept right on shooting, his jaw fell, and he spoke of getting away. I did not hinder him from going. I gave the squaws biscuits and beef, and one of them gave me several lumps of tallow in exchange, and I think it worth mentioning that she did not offer me the smallest pieces, but with some trouble handed me the largest of all the pieces in the canoe. No Christian could have done more. Before pushing off from the sloop the cunning savage asked for matches, and made as if to reach with the end of his spear the box I was about to give him; but I held it toward him on the muzzle of my rifle, the one that "kept on shooting." The chap picked the box off the gun gingerly enough, to be sure, but he jumped when I said, "Look out," at which the squaws laughed and seemed not at all displeased. There was a good understanding among us all.

From Charles Island the *Spray* crossed over to Fortescue Bay, where she anchored and spent a comfortable night under the lee of high land, while the wind howled outside. The bay was deserted now. They were Fortescue Indians whom I had seen at the island, and I felt quite sure they could not follow the *Spray* in the present hard blow. Not to neglect a precaution, however, I sprinkled tacks on deck before I turned in.

On the following day the loneliness of the place was broken by the appearance of a great steam-ship, making for the anchorage with a lofty bearing. I knew the sheer, the model, and the poise. I threw out my flag, and directly saw the Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze from the great ship.

The wind had then abated, and toward night the savages made their appearance from the island, going direct to the steamer to "yammer-schooner." Then they came to the *Spray* to beg more, or to steal all, declaring that they got nothing from the steamer. Black Pedro here came alongside again. My own brother could not have been more delighted to see me, and he begged me to lend him my rifle to shoot a guanaco for me in the morning. I assured the fellow that if I remained there another day I



would lend him the gun, but I had no mind to remain. I gave him a cooper's draw-knife and some other small implements which would be of service in canoe-making, and bade him be off.

Under the cover of darkness that night I went to the steamer, which I found to be the *Colombia*, Captain Henderson, from New York, bound for San Francisco. I carried all my guns along with me, in case it should be necessary to fight my way back. In the chief mate of the *Colombia*, Mr. Hannibal, I found an old friend, and he referred affectionately to days in Manila when we were there together, he in the *Southern Cross* and I in the *Northern Light*, both ships as beautiful as their names.

The *Colombia* had an abundance of fresh stores on board. The captain gave his steward some order, and I remember that the guileless young man asked me if I could manage, besides other things, a few cans of milk and a cheese. When I offered my Montevideo gold for the supplies, the captain roared like a lion and told me to put my money up. It was a glorious outfit of provisions of all kinds that I got.

Returning to the *Spray*, where I found all secure, I prepared for an early start in the morning. It was agreed that the steamer should

blow her whistle for me if first on the move. I watched the steamer, off and on, through the night for the pleasure alone of seeing her electric lights, in contrast to the Fuegian canoe with a brand of fire. The sloop was the first under way, but the *Colombia*, soon following, passed, and saluted as she went by. Had the captain given me his steamer, his company would have been no worse off than they were two or three months later. On her second trip from San Francisco to Panama she was wrecked on the rocks of the California coast.

The *Spray* was again beating against wind and current.

A few miles farther along was a large steamer ashore, bottom up. Passing this place, the sloop ran into a streak of light wind, and then—a most remarkable condition for strait weather—it fell entirely calm. Signal-fires sprang up at once on all sides, and then more than twenty canoes hove in sight, all heading for the *Spray*. As they came within hail, their savage crews cried, in scraps of Spanish mixed with their own jargon, "Friend yammer-schooner," "Anchor here," "Good port here." I had no thought of anchoring in their "good port." I hoisted the sloop's flag and fired a gun, which they might consider as a friendly

salute. They drew up in a semicircle, but kept outside of eighty yards, which in self-defence would have been the death-line.

In their mosquito fleet was a ship's boat stolen from a murdered crew. Six savages paddled this rather awkwardly with the blades of oars which had been broken off. Two of the savages standing erect wore sea-boots, and this sustained the suspicion that they had fallen upon some luckless ship's crew, and also added a hint that they had already visited the *Spray's* deck, and would now, if they could, try her again. They passed down the strait at a distance of a hundred yards from the sloop, in an offhand manner and as if bound to Fortescue Bay. This I judged to be a piece of strategy, and so kept a sharp lookout over a small island which soon came in range between them and the sloop, hiding them from view. The *Spray* was now drifting helplessly with the tide, and in danger of going on the rocks, for there was no anchorage. And, sure enough, I finally saw a movement in the grass just on top of the island, which is called Bonet Island and is one hundred and thirty-six feet high. I fired several shots over the place, and saw no other sign of the savages. As the sloop swept past the island, the rebound of the tide carrying her

clear, there on the other side was the boat, exposing their cunning and treachery. A stiff breeze, coming up suddenly, now scattered the canoes while it freed the sloop from a dangerous position, albeit the wind, though friendly, was still ahead.

The *Spray*, flogging against current and wind, made Borgia Bay on the following afternoon, and cast anchor there for the second time. I would, if I could, describe the moonlit scene on the strait at midnight after I had cleared the savages and Bonet Island. A heavy cloud-bank that had swept across the sky then cleared away, and the night became suddenly as light as day, or nearly so; for besides the moon, the beautiful Southern cross, great Orion, and other bright constellations shed their light. A high mountain was mirrored in the channel ahead, and the *Spray* sailing along with her shadow was as two sloops on the sea.

The sloop being moored, I threw out my skiff, and with axe and gun landed at the head of the cove, and filled a barrel of water from a stream. Then, as before, there was no sign of Indians at the place. Finding it quite deserted, I rambled about near the beach for an hour or more. The fine weather seemed, somehow, to

add loneliness to the place, and when I came upon a spot where a grave was marked I went no farther.

An air of depression was about the place, and I hurried back to the sloop to forget myself again in the voyage.

Early the next morning I stood out from Borgia Bay, and off Cape Quod, where the wind fell light, I moored the sloop by kelp in twenty fathoms of water, and held her there a few hours against a three-knot current. That night I anchored in Langara Cove, a few miles farther along, where on the following day I discovered wreckage and goods washed up from the sea. Then I worked all day, salving and boating off a cargo to the sloop. The bulk of the goods was tallow in casks and lumps of tallow freed from casks; and embedded in the sea-weed was a barrel of wine, which I towed alongside. I hoisted them all in with the throat-halyards, which I took to the windlass. The weight of some of the casks was over eight hundred pounds.

There were no Indians about Langara; evidently there had not been any since the great gale which had washed the wreckage on shore. Probably it was the same gale that drove the *Spray* off Cape Horn, from March 3 to 8. At



this place I filled a barrel of water at night, and on the following day sailed with a fair wind.

I had not sailed far, however, when I came abreast of more tallow in a small cove, where I anchored, and boated off as before. It rained and snowed hard all that day, and it was no light work carrying tallow in my arms over the boulders on the beach. But I worked on till the *Spray* was loaded with a full cargo. I was happy then in the prospect of doing a good business farther along on the voyage. I sailed from the cove about noon, greased from top to toe, while my vessel was tallowed from keelson to truck. My cabin, as well as the hold and deck, was stowed full of tallow. It was now April 2—autumn in Tierra del Fuego.

## CHAPTER X

Running to Port Angosto in a Snow-storm—A defective sheet-rope places the *Spray* in peril—The *Spray* as a target for a Fuegian arrow—The island of Allan Eric—Again in the open Pacific—The run to the island of Juan Fernandez—An absentee king—At Robinson Crusoe's anchorage.

ANOTHER gale had then sprung up, but the wind was still fair, and I had only twenty-six miles to run for Port Angosto, a dreary enough place, where, however, I should find a safe harbor in which to refit and stow cargo. I carried on sail to make the harbor before dark, and the *Spray* fairly flew along, all covered with snow, which fell thick and fast, till she looked like a winter bird. Between the storm-bursts I saw the headland of my port, and was steering for it when a flaw of wind caught the mainsail by the lee, jibed it over, and dear! dear! how nearly was this the cause of disaster; for the sheet parted and the boom unshipped, and it was close upon night. I worked till the perspiration poured from my body to get things adjusted and in working order before the sloop should be driven to leeward of the port.

of refuge. Even then I did not get the boom shipped in its saddle. She was at the entrance of the harbor before I could get this done, and it was time to haul her to or lose the port; but in that condition, like a bird with a broken wing, she made the haven. The accident which so endangered my vessel and cargo came of a defective sheet-rope, one made from sisal, a treacherous fibre, which has caused a deal of strong language among sailors.

I did not run the *Spray* into the inner harbor of Port Angosto, but came to inside a bed of kelp under a steep bluff on the port hand going in. It was an exceedingly snug nook, and to make doubly sure of holding on here against all williwaws I moored her with two anchors and secured her, besides, by cables to trees.

I remained at Port Angosto some days, busily employed about the sloop. I stowed the tallow from the deck to the hold, arranged my cabin in better order, and took in a good supply of wood and water. I also mended the sloop's sails and rigging, and fitted a jigger, which changed the rig to a yawl, though I called her a sloop just the same, the jigger being merely a temporary affair.

I never forgot, even at the busiest time of my work, to have my rifle by me ready for

instant use; for I was of necessity within range of savages, and I had seen Fuegian canoes at this place when I anchored in the port, farther down the reach, on the first trip through the strait. I think it was on the second day, while I was busily employed about decks, that I heard the swish of something through the air close by my ear, and heard a "zip"-like sound in the water, but saw nothing. Presently, however, I suspected that it was an arrow of some sort, for just then one passing not far from me struck the mainmast, where it stuck fast, vibrating from the shock. A savage was somewhere near, there could be no doubt about that, and so I threw up my old Martini-Henry rifle, and the first shot uncovered three Fuegians from a clump of bushes where they had been concealed. They made over the hills and I fired away a good many cartridges, aiming under their feet to encourage their climbing. My dear old gun woke up the hills, and at every report all three of the savages jumped as if shot; but they kept on, and put Fuegio real estate between themselves and the *Spray* as fast as their legs could carry them. I took care now, that all my firearms should be in order and that an extra supply of ammunition should be ready at hand. But the savages did not re-

turn, and although I put tacks on deck every night, I never discovered that any more visitors came, and I had only to sweep the deck of tacks carefully every morning after.

As the autumn days went by, the season became more favorable for a chance to clear the strait with a fair wind, and so, after six attempts, being driven back each time, I was in no further haste to sail. The bad weather on my last return to Port Angosto for shelter, brought the Chilean gun-boat *Condor* and the Argentine cruiser *Azopardo* into port. As soon as the latter came to anchor, the commander sent a boat to the *Spray* with the message that he would take her in tow for Sandy Point if I would give up the voyage and return—the thing farthest from my mind.

I procured some cordage and other small supplies from these vessels, and the officers of each of them mustered a supply of warm flannels, of which I was most in need. With these additions to my outfit, and with the vessel in good trim, though somewhat deeply laden, I was well prepared for another bout with the Southern, misnamed Pacific, Ocean.

In the first week in April southeast winds, such as appear about Cape Horn in the fall and winter seasons, that is April, May, June, and





A Brush with Fuegians.



July, bringing better weather than that experienced in the summer, began to disturb the upper clouds; a little more patience, and the time would come for sailing with a fair wind.

Of all the little haps and mishaps to the *Spray* at Port Angosto, of the many attempts to put to sea, and of each return for shelter, I have said enough. Of hindrances there were many; but what of that! On the thirteenth day of April, and for the seventh and last time, she weighed anchor from that port. And my heart softened toward her when I thought of what she had gone through. An island that she had sailed around was traced on the charts as a point of land. I named it Allan Eric Island, after a worthy literary friend whom I had met in strange by-places. I landed and put up a sign, "Keep off the grass," which was a discoverer's right.

At last, on the thirteenth of April, 1896, with a fair wind, the *Spray* carried me free of Tierra del Fuego.

The wind blew hard, as nearly always it blows about Cape Horn, but she cleared the great tide-race off Cape Pillar and the Evangelistas, the outermost rocks of all, before it changed. I remained at the helm, humoring my vessel in the cross seas, for it was rough,

and I did not dare to let her take a straight course. It was necessary to change her course in the combing seas, to meet them with what skill I could when they rolled up ahead, and to keep off when they came up abeam.

On the following morning, April 14, only the tops of the highest mountains were in sight, and the *Spray*, making good headway on a northwest course, soon sank these out of sight. "Hurrah for the *Spray*!" I shouted to seals, sea-gulls, and penguins; for there were no other living creatures about, and she had weathered all the dangers of Cape Horn. Moreover, she had on her voyage round the Horn salvaged a cargo of which she had not jettisoned a pound. And why should not one rejoice even in the main chance coming so of itself?

I shook out a reef, and set the whole jib. The wind freshened as the sun rose half-mast or more, but softened again later in the day.

One wave, in the evening, larger than others that had threatened all day,—one such as sailors call "fine-weather seas,"—broke over the sloop fore and aft. It washed over me at the helm, the last that swept over the *Spray* off Cape Horn. All my troubles were now astern; summer was ahead; all the world was again before me. The wind was literally fair. My turn at

the wheel was now up, and it was 5 P. M. I had stood at the helm since eleven o'clock the morning before, or thirty hours.

Then was the time to uncover my head, for I sailed alone with God. The vast ocean was again around me, and the horizon was unbroken by land. A few days later the *Spray* was under full sail, and I saw her for the first time with a jigger spread. Rapid changes went on in things all about while she headed for the tropics. New species of birds came around; albatrosses fell back and became scarcer and scarcer; lighter gulls came in their stead, and pecked for crumbs in the sloop's wake.

I was steering now for Juan Fernandez, and on the 26th of April, fifteen days out, the blue hills of the historic island, high among the clouds, could be seen about thirty miles off. A thousand emotions thrilled me now, and I bowed my head to the deck. I could find no other way of expressing myself.

With a light wind the *Spray* stood close in to shore on the northeast side, where it fell calm and remained so all night. I saw the twinkling of a small light farther along in a cove, and fired a gun, but got no answer, and soon the light disappeared altogether. I heard the sea booming against the cliffs all night, and realized that



the ocean swell was still great, although from the deck of my little ship it was apparently small. From the cry of animals in the hills, which sounded fainter and fainter through the night, I judged that a light current was drifting the sloop from the land, though she seemed all night dangerously near the shore, for, the land being very high, appearances were deceptive.

Soon after daylight I saw a boat putting out toward me. As it pulled near, it so happened that I picked up my gun, which was on the deck, meaning only to put it below ; but the people in the boat, seeing the piece in my hands, quickly turned and pulled back for shore, which was about four miles distant. There were six rowers in her, and I observed that they pulled with oars in oar-locks, after the manner of trained seamen, and so I knew they belonged to a civilized race ; but their opinion of me must have been anything but flattering when they mistook my purpose with the gun and pulled away with all their might. I made them understand by signs, but not without difficulty, that I did not intend to shoot, that I was simply putting the piece in the cabin, and that I wished them to return. When they understood my meaning they came back and were soon on board.

I had already prepared a pot of coffee and a plate of doughnuts, of which, after some words of civility, the islanders partook with a will, after which they took the *Spray* in tow of their boat and made toward the island with her at the rate of a good three knots. The man they called king took the helm, and with whirling it up and down he so rattled the *Spray* that I thought she would never carry herself straight again. The others pulled away lustily with their oars. The king, I soon learned, was king only by courtesy. Having lived longer on the island than any other man in the world,—thirty years,—he was so dubbed. Juan Fernandez was then under the administration of a governor of Swedish nobility. The sea-breeze, coming in before long, filled the *Spray's* sails, and the experienced Portuguese mariner piloted her to a safe berth in the bay, where she was moored to a buoy abreast the settlement.

## CHAPTER XI

The islanders at Juan Fernandez entertained with Yankee doughnuts—The beauties of Robinson Crusoe's realm—The mountain monument to Alexander Selkirk—A stroll with the children of the island—Westward ho! with a friendly gale—A month's free sailing with the Southern Cross and the sun for guides—Sighting the Marquesas—Experience in reckoning.

THE *Spray* being secured, the islanders returned to the coffee and doughnuts, and so with a view to business I hooked my steelyards to the boom at once, ready to weigh out tallow, and before the sun went down I taught the islanders the art of making buns and doughnuts, and then supplied them all with tallow. I did not charge a high price for what I sold, but the ancient and curious coins I got in payment, some of them from the wreck of a galleon sunk in the bay no one knows how long, I sold afterward to antiquarians for more than face-value. In this way I made a reasonable profit.

I found Juan Fernandez a lovely spot. The hills are well wooded, the valleys fertile, and pouring down through many ravines are streams of pure water. There are no serpents on the

island, and no wild beasts other than pigs and goats, of which I saw a number, with possibly a wild dog or two. The people lived without the use of rum or beer of any sort. There was not a police officer or a lawyer among them. The domestic economy of the island was simplicity itself. The people were all healthy, and the children all beautiful. There were about forty-five souls on the island all told. The adults were mostly from the mainland of South America. One lady there, from Chile, who made a flying-jib for the *Spray*, taking her pay in tallow, would be called a belle at Newport. Blessed island of Juan Fernandez! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you is more than I can make out.

Alexander Selkirk, it is well known, was the hero of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and while we know that Defoe located Crusoe on the Island of Tobago off the Orinoco River, we still call Juan Fernandez Robinson Crusoe's Island, where the real hero sojourned. The reason of the adherence to the island in the Pacific is simply this: Fact is stronger than fiction, and so to the whole world Juan Fernandez is Robinson Crusoe's Island.

I of course made a pilgrimage to the lookout place at the top of the mountain, where Selkirk

spent many days peering into the distance for the ship which came at last. From a tablet fixed into the face of the rock I copied these words, inscribed in Arabic capitals :

IN MEMORY  
OF  
ALEXANDER SELKIRK,  
MARINER,

A native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke*, privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Weymouth*, A.D. 1723,\* aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. *Topaze*, A.D. 1868.

I visited Robinson Crusoe Bay in a small row-boat, and with some difficulty landed through the surf near the cave, which I found dry and inhabitable. It is located in a beautiful nook sheltered by high mountains from all the severe storms that sweep over the island, which are not many ; for it lies near the limits of the trade-wind regions, being in latitude

\* Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, in the "Century Magazine" for July, 1899, shows that the tablet is in error as to the year of Selkirk's death. It should be 1721.



35½° S. The island is about fourteen miles in length, east and west, and eight miles in width; its height is over three thousand feet. Its distance from Chile, to which country it belongs, is about three hundred and forty miles.

Juan Fernandez was once a convict station. A number of caves in which the prisoners were kept, damp, unwholesome dens, are no longer in use, and no more prisoners are sent to the island.

The pleasantest day I spent on the island, if not the pleasantest on my whole voyage, was when the children of the little community, one and all, went out with me to gather wild fruits for the voyage. We found quinces, peaches, and figs, and they gathered a basketful of each. It takes very little to please children. These little ones asked me the names of all manner of things on the island. We came to a wild fig-tree loaded with fruit, of which I gave them the English name. "Figgies, figgies!" they cried, while they picked till their baskets were full. But when I told them that the *cabra* they pointed out was only a goat, they screamed with laughter, and rolled on the grass in wild delight to think that a man had come to their island who would call a *cabra* a goat.

The greatest drawback I saw in the island

was the want of a school, though the people were by no means clownish or ignorant.

On the morning of May 5, 1896, I sailed from Juan Fernandez, having feasted on many things, but on nothing sweeter than the adventure itself of a visit to the home and to the very cave of Robinson Crusoe. From the island the *Spray* bore away to the north, passing the island of St. Felix before she gained the trade-winds, which seemed slow in reaching their limits.

If the trades were tardy, however, when they did come they came with a bang, and made up for lost time; and the *Spray*, under reefs, sometimes one, sometimes two, flew before a gale for a great many days, heading now toward the Marquesas, which she made on the forty-third day out, and still kept on sailing. My time was all taken up those days—not by standing at the helm; no man, I think, could stand or sit and steer a vessel round the world: I did better than that; for I read my books, mended my clothes, or cooked my meals and ate them in peace. I had already found that it was not good to be alone, and so I made companionship with what there was around me, sometimes with the universe and sometimes with my books, which were always my friends, let fail all else.

I sailed with a free wind day after day, marking the position of my ship on the chart with considerable precision; but this was done by intuition, I think, more than by slavish calculations. For one whole month my vessel held her course true; I had not, the while, so much as a light in the binnacle. The Southern Cross I saw every night abeam. The sun every morning came up astern; every evening it went down ahead. I wished for no other compass to guide me, for these were true. If I doubted my reckoning after a long time at sea, I verified it by reading the clock aloft made by the Great Architect, and it was right.

The changes in wind and waves were interesting here in the trade-winds. I observed that about every seven days the wind freshened and drew several points farther than usual from the direction of the pole; that is, it went round from east-southeast to south-southeast, while at the same time a heavy swell rolled up from the southwest. All this indicated that gales were going on in the anti-trades. The wind then hauled day after day as it moderated, till it stood again at the normal point, east-southeast. This is more or less the constant state of the winter trades in latitude  $12^{\circ}$  S., where for weeks I sailed exactly west

or nearly so. From Juan Fernandez to the Marquesas Islands I experienced six changes of these great palpitations of sea-winds and of the sea itself, the effect of far-off gales.

To cross the Pacific Ocean, brings one for many days close to nature, and one realizes the vastness of the sea. On the forty-third day from land,—a long time to be at sea alone,—the sky being beautifully clear and the moon being “in distance” with the sun, I threw up my sextant for sights. I found from the result of three observations, after long wrestling with lunar tables, that her longitude by observation agreed within five miles of that by dead-reckoning.

This was remarkable; both, however, might be in error, but somehow I felt confident that both were nearly true, and that in a few hours more I should see land; and so it happened, for then I made the island of Nukahiva, the southernmost of the Marquesas group, clear and lofty. The verified longitude when abreast was somewhere between the two reckonings; this was extraordinary. All navigators will tell you that from one day to another a ship may lose or gain more than five miles in her sailing-account, and again, with observations of the moon, even expert navigators are considered as

doing clever work when they average within eight miles of the truth.

A rotator log always towed astern, but so much has to be allowed for currents and for drift, which the log never shows, that it is only an approximation, after all, to be corrected by one's own judgment from data of a thousand voyages; and even then the master of the ship, if he is wise, cries out for the lead and the lookout.



## CHAPTER XII

Seventy-two days without a port—Whales and birds—A peep into the *Spray's* galley—Flying-fish for breakfast—A welcome at Apia—A visit from Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

FIRST among the incidents of the voyage from Juan Fernandez to Samoa was a narrow escape from collision with a great whale that was absent-mindedly ploughing the ocean at night while I was below. The noise from his startled snort and the commotion he made in the sea, as he turned to clear my vessel, brought me on deck in time to catch a wetting from the water he threw up with his flukes. The monster was frightened. He headed quickly for the east; I kept on going west. Soon another whale passed, evidently a companion, following in its wake. I saw no more whales on this part of the voyage.

Hungry sharks came about the vessel often when she neared islands or coral reefs, and birds were always about; occasionally one poised on the mast to look the *Spray* over, wondering, perhaps, at her odd wings, for she

still wore her Fuego mainsail. I saw not even one ship in the many days crossing the Pacific, and of course there was not a soul to whom I could speak.

Taking things by and large, as sailors say, I got on fairly well in the matter of provisions even on the long voyage across the Pacific. I had always some small stores to help the fare of luxuries; what I lacked of fresh meat was made up in fresh fish, at least while in the trade-winds, where flying-fish crossing on the wing at night would hit the sails and fall on deck, sometimes two or three of them, sometimes a dozen. Every morning except when the moon was large I got a bountiful supply by merely picking them up from the lee scuppers. All canned meats went begging.

On the 16th of July, after considerable care and some skill and hard work, the *Spray* cast anchor at Apia, in the kingdom of Samoa, about noon. My vessel being moored, I spread an awning, and instead of going at once on shore I sat under it till late in the evening, listening with delight to the musical voices of the Samoan men and women.

A canoe coming down the harbor, with three young women in it, rested its paddles abreast the sloop. One of the fair crew, hailing with

the naïve salutation, "Talofa lee" ("Love to you, chief"), asked:

"Schoon come Melike?" ("This schooner came from Melike?")

"Love to you," I answered, and said, "Yes."

"You man come 'lone?"

Again I answered, "Yes."

"I don't believe that. You had other mans, and you eat 'em."

At this sally the others laughed. "What for you come long way?" they asked.

"To hear you ladies sing," I replied.

"Oh, talofa lee!" they all cried, and sang on. Their voices filled the air with music that rolled across to the grove of tall palms on the other side of the harbor and back. Soon after this six young men came down in the United States consul-general's boat, singing in parts and beating time with their oars. In my interview with them I came off better than with the damsels in the canoe. They bore an invitation from General Churchill for me to come and dine at the consulate. Next morning, bright and early, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson came to the *Spray* and invited me to Vailima, the Stevenson home. I of course accepted these invitations with a thrill of delight.

Mrs. Stevenson gave me a great directory of



Stevenson's House at Vailima.





the Indian Ocean, and four volumes of sailing directories of the Mediterranean which her husband had owned. It was not without a feeling of reverential awe that I received the books so nearly direct from the hand of Tusitala,\* "who sleeps in the forest." Aolele,† the *Spray* will cherish your gift.

It was the fashion of the native visitors to the *Spray* to come over the bows, where they could reach the head-gear and climb aboard with ease, and on going ashore to jump off the stern and swim away; nothing could have been more delightfully simple. The modest natives wore *lava-lava* bathing-dresses, a native cloth from the bark of the mulberry-tree, and they did no harm to the *Spray*. In summer-land Samoa their coming and going was a merry every-day scene.

It was not uncommon at Apia to see a young woman swimming alongside a small canoe with a passenger for the *Spray*. My own canoe, a small dugout, one day when it had rolled over with me, was seized by a party of fair bathers, and almost before I could get my breath was towed around and around the *Spray*, while I sat in the bottom of it, wondering what they would do next.

\* The Teller of Tales, a name given to Stevenson by the Samoans, who loved him dearly.

† The Samoan name given to Mrs. Stevenson.

## CHAPTER XIII

Good-by to friends at Vailima—The yachts of Sydney—A ducking on the *Spray*—Commodore Foy presents the sloop with a new suit of sails—On to Melbourne—A shark that proved to be valuable—A change of course.

OF the landmarks in the pleasant town of Apia, my memory rests first on the little school just back of the London Missionary Society's coffee-house and reading-rooms, where Mrs. Bell, a widow, taught English to about a hundred native children, boys and girls. Brighter children you will not find anywhere.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Bell, when I called one day, "let us show the captain that we know something about the Cape Horn he passed in the *Spray*," at which a lad of nine or ten years stepped nimbly forward and read Basil Hall's fine description of the great cape, and read it well. He afterward copied the essay for me in a clear hand. My visit was prolonged at Samoa, for I was in need of rest from solitude and here among agreeable people the change was complete. But August 20, 1896, I said "*Tofah!*" good-by to my good friends of Samoa, and all wishing the *Spray* a good voy-

age she stood out of the harbor and continued on her course. A sense of loneliness seized me as the islands faded astern.

In my course for Australia I sailed north of the Horn Islands, also north of the Fiji Islands instead of south, as I had intended, and coasted down the west side of the archipelago. I came first within sight of the Island of Vauna Levu which is situated on the 180th meridian and right there a point of special interest was made in the voyage, namely the changing of the date.

A ship sailing west gains time, four seconds for every mile, four minutes for every degree, and one hour for every fifteen degrees, and so on. The *Spray* had sailed westward, thus gaining time until, for example, August 24, time on ship, when the true time was within one second of August 25.

Clearly my ship had to gain only one more minute of time to make the date August 25, and this by sailing on was exactly what the *Spray* did. She was now at the meridian of 180. Still sailing on she crossed this meridian, where all dates change, and was at once in East Longitude and I could write instantly August 26.

It was like sailing into "day-after-to-morrow," was it not?

Sailing in the opposite direction a ship will shorten her day by the same rule and crossing the meridian of  $180^{\circ}$  where the day begins, she will meet that same day as it rolls around to its western limits.

Thus you see that while the day is going westward around the world taking its departure from  $180^{\circ}$ , the ship just sails across that meridian in the opposite direction, perhaps in the night, and meets the first peep of it in the morning on the other side. The people in the ship then write that day for the second time in the logbook.

Once I had two birth-days in one year. It happened in this way: my ship was in East Longitude  $179^{\circ}$  February 20th, which was my birth-day. Sailing east she was across the meridian  $180^{\circ}$  and in West Longitude on the following day, or what was apparently so but was in reality the same old February 20, and so I had to celebrate all over again. My ship sailing east in that case had run into "yesterday." From the Fiji Islands I sailed direct for New South Wales, passing south of New Caledonia, and arrived at Newcastle after a stormy passage of forty-two days.

One particularly severe gale encountered near New Caledonia foundered the American

clipper-ship *Patrician* farther south. Again, nearer the coast of Australia, when, however, I was not aware that the gale was extraordinary, a French mail-steamer from New Caledonia for Sydney, blown considerably out of her course, on her arrival reported it an awful storm, and to inquiring friends said: "Oh, my! we don't know what has become of the little sloop *Spray*. We saw her in the thick of the storm." The *Spray* was all right, lying to like a duck. She was under a goose's wing mainsail, and had had a dry deck while the passengers on the steamer, I heard later, were up to their knees in water in the saloon. In this gale I made the land about Seal Rocks, where the steamship *Cather-ton*, with many lives, was lost a short time before. I was many hours off the rocks, beating back and forth, but weathered them at last.

I arrived at Newcastle in the teeth of a gale of wind. It was a stormy season. Great courtesies were extended to the *Spray* at Newcastle. All government dues were remitted, and after I had rested a few days a port pilot with a tug carried her to sea again, and she made along the coast toward the harbor of Sydney, where she arrived on the following day, October 10, 1896.

Summer was approaching, and the harbor of



Sydney was blooming with yachts. Some of them came down to the weather-beaten *Spray* and sailed round her at Shelcote, where she took a berth for a few days. At Sydney I was at once among friends. I had made voyages to this port in a larger ship. The *Spray* remained at the various watering-places in the great port for several weeks, and was visited by many agreeable people, frequently by officers of H. M. S. *Orlando* and their friends. Captain, now Admiral Fisher, the commander, with a party of young ladies from the city and gentlemen belonging to his ship, came one day to pay me a visit in the midst of a deluge of rain. I never saw it rain harder even in Australia. But they were out for fun, and rain could not dampen their feelings, however hard it poured. But, as ill-luck would have it, a young gentleman of another party on board, in the full uniform of a very great yacht club, with brass buttons enough to sink him, stepping quickly to get out of the wet, tumbled, head and heels, into a barrel of water I had been cooping, and being a short man, was soon out of sight, and nearly drowned before he was rescued. This was the nearest to a casualty on the *Spray* in her whole course. At Sydney the *Spray* changed her ill-fitting and

patched sails for a new suit, the handsome present of Commodore Foy.

Time flew fast those days in Australia, and it was December 6, 1896, when the *Spray* sailed from Sydney. My intention was now to sail around Cape Leeuwin direct for Mauritius on my way home, and so I coasted along toward Bass Strait in that direction.

There was little to report on this part of the voyage, except changeable winds, and rough seas. The 12th of December, however, was an exceptional day, with a fine coast wind, north-east. The *Spray*, early in the morning, passed Twofold Bay and later Cape Bundooro in a smooth sea with land close aboard. The lighthouse on the cape dipped a flag to the *Spray's* flag, and children on the balconies of a cottage near the shore waved handkerchiefs as she passed by. There were only a few people all told on the shore, but the scene was a happy one. I saw festoons of evergreen and summer flowers in token of Christmas, near at hand. Australia is sometimes called the Land of Roses, and Christmas being midsummer there, all was abloom. I saluted the merrymakers, wishing them a "Merry Christmas," and could hear them say, "I wish you the same."

From Cape Bundooro I passed by Cliff Island

in Bass Strait, and exchanged signals with the light-keepers while the *Spray* worked up under the island. The wind howled that day while the sea broke over their rocky home.

A few days later, December 17, the *Spray* came in close under Wilson's Promontory, again seeking shelter. The keeper of the light at that station came on board and gave me directions for Waterloo Bay, about three miles to leeward, for which I bore up at once, finding good anchorage there in a sandy cove protected from all westerly and northerly winds.

Anchored here was the ketch *Secret*, a fisherman, and the *Mary* of Sydney, a steam ferry-boat fitted for whaling.

We spent three days in the quiet cove, listening to the wind outside. Meanwhile the captain of the *Mary* and I explored the shores, visited abandoned miners' pits, and prospected for gold ourselves.

Then we sailed and our vessels, parting company, stood away each on its own course. The wind for a few days was moderate, and, with unusual luck of fine weather, the *Spray* made Melbourne Heads on the 22d of December, and, taken in tow by the steam-tug *Racer*, was brought into port.

Christmas-day was spent at a berth in the

river Yarrow, but I lost little time in shifting to St. Kilda, where I spent nearly a month.

The *Spray* paid no port charges in Australia or anywhere else on the voyage, except at Pernambuco, till she poked her nose into the custom-house at Melbourne, where she was charged tonnage dues, sixpence a ton on the gross. The collector exacted six shillings and sixpence, her exact gross being 12.70 tons. I squared the matter by charging people sixpence each for coming on board, and when this business got dull I caught a shark and charged them sixpence each to look at that. The shark was twelve feet six inches in length, and carried a progeny of twenty-six, not one of them less than two feet in length. A slit of a knife let them out in a canoe full of water, which, changed constantly, kept them alive one whole day. In less than an hour from the time I heard of the ugly brute it was on deck and on exhibition, with rather more than the amount of the *Spray's* tonnage dues already collected.

The income from the show and the proceeds of the tallow I had gathered in the Strait of Magellan, the last of which I had disposed of to a German soap-boiler at Samoa, put me in ample funds.

January 24, 1897, found the *Spray* again in

tow of the tug *Racer*, leaving Hobson's Bay after a pleasant time in Melbourne and St. Kilda, which had been protracted by a succession of southwest winds that seemed never-ending.

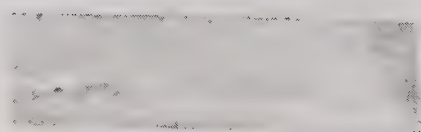
In the summer months, that is, December, January, February, and sometimes March, east winds are prevalent through Bass Strait and round Cape Leeuwin; but owing to a vast amount of ice drifting up from the Antarctic this was all changed and emphasized with much bad weather, so much so that I did not consider it best to pursue the course farther. Instead, therefore, of thrashing round cold and stormy Cape Leeuwin, I decided to spend a pleasanter and more profitable time in Tasmania, waiting for the season for favorable winds through Torres Strait, by way of the Great Barrier Reef, the route I finally decided on. To sail this course would be taking advantage of anti-cyclones, which never fail, and besides it would give me the chance to put foot on the shores of Tasmania, round which I had sailed years before.

I should mention that while I was at Melbourne there occurred one of those extraordinary storms sometimes called "rain of blood," the first of the kind in many years about



The Shark on the Deck of the *Sirao*.





Australia. The "blood" came from a fine brick-dust matter afloat in the air from the deserts. A rain-storm setting in brought down this dust simply as mud; it fell in such quantities that a bucketful was collected from the sloop's awnings, which were spread at the time. When the wind blew hard and I was obliged to furl awnings, her sails, unprotected on the booms, got mud-stained from end to end.

The phenomena of dust-storms, well understood by scientists, are not uncommon on the coast of Africa. Reaching some distance out over the sea, they frequently cover the track of ships, as in the case of the one through which the *Spray* passed in the earlier part of her voyage. Sailors no longer regard them with superstitious fear, but our credulous brothers on the land it seems cry out "Rain of blood!" at the first splash of the awful mud.

It was only a few hours' sail to Tasmania across the strait, the wind being fair and blowing hard.

The *Spray* was berthed on the beach at a small jetty at Launceston while the tide, driven in by the gale that brought her up the river, was unusually high; and she lay there hard and fast, with not enough water around her at any time after to wet one's feet till she was ready to

sail; then, to float her, the ground was dug from under her keel.

In this snug place I left her in charge of three children, while I made journeys among the hills and rested my bones for the coming voyage, on the moss-covered rocks at the gorge hard by and among the ferns I found wherever I went. My vessel was well taken care of. I never returned without finding that the decks had been washed and that one of the children, my nearest neighbor's little girl from across the road, was at the gangway attending to visitors, while the others, a brother and sister, sold marine curios, such as coral and sea-shells, in the cargo, for the benefit of the *Spray*. They were a bright, cheerful crew, and people came a long way to hear them tell the story of the voyage, and of the monsters of the deep "the captain had slain." I had only to keep myself away to be a hero of the first water; and it suited me very well to do so and to rest in the forests and among the streams.

## CHAPTER XIV

Cruising round Tasmania—An inspection of the *Spray* for safety at Devonport—Again at Sydney—Northward bound for Torres Strait—An amateur shipwreck—Friends on the Australian coast—Perils of a coral sea.

THE season of fair weather around the north of Australia being yet a long way off, I sailed to other ports in Tasmania, where it is fine the year round, the first of these being Beauty Point. Near this are Beaconsfield and the great Tasmania gold-mine, which I visited in turn. I saw much gray, uninteresting rock being hoisted out of the mine there, and hundreds of stamps crushing it into powder. People told me there was gold in it, and I believed what they said.

From Beauty Point the *Spray* visited Georgetown, near the mouth of the river Tamar. This little settlement, I believe, marks the place where the first footprints were made by whites in Tasmania, though it never grew to be more than a hamlet.

From Georgetown the *Spray* sailed to Devonport, a thriving place on the river Mersey, a few miles westward along the coast. Large



steamers enter there and carry away cargoes of farm produce, but the *Spray* was the first vessel to bring the Stars and Stripes to the port, so the harbor-master told me and so it is written in the port records.

The *Spray* was hauled out on the marine railway at Devonport and examined carefully top and bottom, but was found absolutely free from the destructive teredo, and sound in all respects. The teredo is a small worm in the sea which ravages nearly all kinds of unprotected timber. It will destroy ships when they are not protected by some covering. For that reason copper sheathing and various other metals are used to cover ships' bottoms. Sometimes metal paints are used instead of the metal itself. To protect her further against the ravages of these insects, the bottom was coated once more with copper paint, for she would have to sail through the Coral and Arafura seas before refitting again.

The season of summer was now over; winter was rolling up from the south, with fair winds for the north. A foretaste of winter wind sent the *Spray* flying round Cape Howe and as far as Cape Bundooro, which she passed on the following day, retracing her course northward. This was a fine run, and boded good

for the long voyage home from the antipodes. My old Christmas friends on Bundooro seemed to be up and moving when I came the second time by their cape, and we exchanged signals again, while the sloop sailed along as before in a smooth sea and close to the shore.

The weather was fine, with clear sky the rest of the passage to Port Jackson (Sydney), where the *Spray* arrived April 22, 1897, and anchored in Watson's Bay, near the heads, in eight fathoms of water.

I sailed again, May 9, before a strong south-west wind, which sent the *Spray* gallantly on as far as Port Stevens, where it fell calm and then came up ahead; but the weather was fine, and so remained for many days, which was a great change from the weather experienced here some months before.

Having a full set of admiralty sheet-charts of the coast and Barrier Reef, I felt easy in mind. Captain Fisher, R. N., who had steamed through the Barrier passages in H. M. S. *Orlando*, advised me from the first to take this route, and I did not regret coming back to it now.

The wind, for a few days after passing Port Stevens, Seal Rocks, and Cape Hawk, was light and dead ahead; but these points are photographed on my memory from the trial of beat-

ing round them some months before when bound the other way. But now, with a good stock of books on board, I fell to reading day and night, leaving this pleasant occupation merely to trim sails or tack, or to lie down and rest, while the *Spray* nibbled at the miles.

I had just finished reading some of the most interesting of the old voyages in woe-begone ships, in "Philips' Voyages," and was already near Port Macquarie, on my own cruise, when I made out, May 13, a modern dandy craft in distress, anchored on the coast. Standing in for her, I found that she was a cutter-yacht which had sailed from Watson's Bay about three days ahead of the *Spray*, and that she had run at once into trouble. No wonder she did so. It was a case of butterflies at sea. Her owner, on his maiden voyage, was all duck trousers; the captain, distinguished for the enormous yachtsman's cap he wore, was a Murrumbidgee\* whaler before he took command of the yacht; and the navigating officer, poor fellow, was almost as deaf as a post, and nearly as stiff and immovable as a post in the ground. These three jolly tars comprised the crew.

\* The Murrumbidgee is a small river winding among the mountains of Australia, and would be the last place in which to look for a whale.



*The Spray.*

From a photograph taken in Australian waters.





None of them knew more about the sea or about a vessel than a newly born babe knows about another world. They were bound for New Guinea, so they said; perhaps it was as well that they never reached that destination.

The owner, whom I had met before he sailed, wanted to race the poor old *Spray* to Thursday Island en route. I declined the challenge, naturally, on the ground of the unfairness of three young yachtsmen in a clipper against an old sailor all alone in a craft of coarse build; besides that, I would not on any account race in the Coral Sea.

"*Spray* ahoy!" they all hailed now. "What's the weather goin' t' be? Is it a-goin' to blow? And don't you think we'd better go back t' r-r-refit?"

I thought, "If ever you get back, don't refit," but I said: "Give me the end of a rope, and I'll tow you into yon port farther along; and on your lives," I urged, "do not go back round Cape Hawk, for it's winter to the south of it."

They purposed making for Newcastle under jury-sails; for their mainsail had been blown to ribbons, even the jigger had been blown away, and her rigging flew at loose ends. The yacht, in a word, was a wreck.

"Up with your anchor," I shouted; "up

with your anchor, and let me tow you into Port Macquarie, twelve miles north of this."

"No," cried the owner; "we'll go back to Newcastle. We missed Newcastle on the way coming; we didn't see the light, and it was not thick, either." This he shouted very loud, ostensibly for my hearing, but closer even than necessary, I thought, to the ear of the navigating officer. Again I tried to persuade them to be towed into the port of refuge so near at hand. It would have cost them only the trouble of weighing their anchor and passing me a rope; of this I assured them, but they declined even this, in want of judgment.

"What is your depth of water?" I asked.

"Don't know; we lost our lead. All the chain is out. We sounded with the anchor."

"Send your boat over, and I'll give you a lead."

"We've lost our boat, too," they cried.

"God is good, else you would have lost yourselves," and "Farewell" was all I could say.

The trifling service proffered by the *Spray* would have saved their vessel.

"Report us," they cried, as I stood on—"report us with sails blown away, and that we don't care a dash and are not afraid."

"Then there is no hope for you," and again "Farewell."

I promised I would report them, and did so at the first opportunity, and out of humane reasons I do so again.

It was about eighteen days before I heard of the yacht again, which was on the 31st of May, when I reached Cooktown, on the Endeavor River, where I found this news :

May 31, the yacht ———, from Sydney for New Guinea, three hands on board, lost at Crescent head; the crew saved.

So it took them several days to lose the craft, after all.

After speaking the distressed yacht, the voyage for many days was uneventful save in the pleasant incident on May 16 of a chat by signal with the people on South Solitary Island, a dreary stone heap in the ocean just off the coast of New South Wales, in S. latitude  $30^{\circ} 12'$ , E. longitude  $153^{\circ} 28'$ , to be exact.

"What vessel is that?" they asked, as the sloop came abreast of their island. For answer I tried them with the Stars and Stripes at the peak. Down came their signals at once, and up went the British ensign instead, which they dipped heartily. I understood from this that

they made out my vessel and knew all about her, for they asked no more questions. They didn't even ask if the "voyage would pay," but they threw out this friendly message, "Wishing you a pleasant voyage," which at that very moment I was having.

May 19 the *Spray*, passing the Tweed River, was signalled from Danger Point, where those on shore seemed most anxious about the state of my health, for they asked if "all hands" were well, to which I could say, "Yes."

On the following day the *Spray* rounded Great Sandy Cape and picked up the trade-winds, that followed her for many thousands of miles, never ceasing to blow from a gale to a moderate or mild summer breeze, except at rare intervals.

From the pitch of the cape was a noble light seen twenty-seven miles; passing from this to Lady Elliott Light, which stands on an island as a sentinel at the gateway of the Barrier Reef, the *Spray* was at once in the fairway leading north. Poets have sung of beacon-light and of pharos, but did ever poet behold a great light flash up before his path on a dark night in the midst of a coral sea? If so, he knew the meaning of his song.

The *Spray* had sailed for hours in suspense,

evidently stemming a current. Almost mad with doubt, I grasped the helm to throw her head off shore, when blazing out of the sea was the light ahead. "Excalibur!" I cried, and rejoiced, and sailed on. The *Spray* was now in a protected sea and smooth water, the first she had dipped her keel into since leaving Gibraltar, and a change it was from the heaving of the misnamed "Pacific" Ocean.

On the 24th of May, the sloop, having made one hundred and ten miles a day from Danger Point, now entered Whitsunday Pass, and that night sailed through among the islands. When the sun rose next morning I looked back and regretted having gone by while it was dark, for the scenery far astern was varied and charming.



## CHAPTER XV

Arrival at Port Denison, Queensland—A happy escape from a coral reef—An American pearl-fisherman—Jubilee at Thursday Island—Sailing in the Arafura Sea—Specimen pages from the *Spray's* Log—Across the Indian Ocean—Christmas Island.

ON the morning of the 26th Gloucester Island was close aboard, and the *Spray* anchored in the evening at Port Denison, where rests, on a hill, the sweet little town of Bowen, the future watering-place and health-resort of Queensland. The country all about here had a healthful appearance.

From Port Denison the sloop ran before the constant trade-wind, and made no stop at all, night or day, till she reached Cooktown, on the Endeavor River, where she arrived Monday, May 31, 1897, before a furious blast of wind encountered that day fifty miles down the coast. On this parallel of latitude is the high ridge and backbone of the trade-winds, which about Cooktown amount often to a hard gale.

"The *Spray* came flying into port like a bird," said the longshore daily papers of Cooktown.

Tacking inside of all the craft in port, I moored at sunset nearly abreast the Captain Cook monument, and next morning went ashore to feast my eyes on the very stones the great navigator had seen.

The *Spray* sailed from Cooktown on June 6, 1897, heading away for the north as before.

Arrived at a very inviting anchorage about sundown, the 7th, I came to, for the night, abreast the Claremont light-ship. This was the only time throughout the passage of the Barrier Reef Channel that the *Spray* anchored, except at Port Denison and at Endeavor River. On the very night following this, however (the 8th), I regretted keenly, for an instant, that I had not anchored before it was too late, as I might have done easily under the lee of a coral reef. It happened in this way. The *Spray* had just passed M Reef\* light-ship, and had left the light dipping astern, when, going at full speed, with sheets off, she hit the M Reef itself on the north end, where I expected to see a beacon.

She swung off quickly on her heel, however, and with one more bound on a swell cut across the shoal point so quickly that I hardly knew how it was done. The beacon wasn't there; at least, I didn't see it. I hadn't time to look for

\* Reefs in the Great Barrier are named for letters in the alphabet.

it after she struck, and certainly it didn't much matter then whether I saw it or not.

But this gave her a fine departure, and from M Reef I steered outside of the adjacent islands to be on the safe side. Skipping along now, the *Spray* passed Home Island, off the pitch of the cape, soon after midnight, and squared away on a westerly course. A short time later she fell in with a steamer bound south, groping her way in the dark and making the night dismal with her own black smoke.

A great number of fisher-birds were about this day, which was one of the pleasantest of days. June 9, 1897, the *Spray*, dancing over the waves, entered Albany Pass as the sun drew low over the hills of Australia.

At 7.30 P.M. the *Spray*, now through the pass, came to anchor in a cove in the mainland, near a pearl-fisherman, called the *Tarawa*, which was at anchor, her captain from the deck of his vessel directing me to a berth. This done, he at once came on board to clasp hands. The *Tarawa* was a Californian, and Captain Jones, her master, was an American.

On the following morning Captain Jones brought on board two pairs of exquisite pearl shells, the most perfect ones I ever saw.

After a pleasant chat and good-by to the people of the *Tarawa*, I again weighed anchor

and stood across for Thursday Island, now in plain view, mid-channel in Torres Strait, where I arrived shortly after noon. Here the *Spray* remained until June 24, being the only American representative in port. The 22d was the Queen's diamond jubilee. The two days over were for rest and recuperation.

I spent pleasant days about the island.

On June 24 the *Spray*, well fitted in every way, sailed for the long voyage ahead, down the Indian Ocean. Mr. Douglas, the Resident Magistrate, gave her a Union Jack as she was leaving. The *Spray* had now passed nearly all the dangers of the Coral Sea and Torres Strait, which, indeed, were not a few; and all ahead from this point was plain sailing and a straight course. The trade-wind was still blowing fresh, and could be safely counted on now down to the coast of Madagascar, if not beyond that, for it was still early in the season.

I had no wish to arrive off the Cape of Good Hope before midsummer, and it was now early winter. I had been off that cape once in July, which was, of course, midwinter there. The stout ship I then commanded encountered only fierce hurricanes, and she bore them ill. I wished for no winter gales now. It was not that I feared them more, being in the *Spray* instead of a large ship, but that I preferred fine

weather in any case. And so with time enough before me to admit of a run ashore on the islands en route, I shaped the course first for Keeling Cocos, atoll islands, distant twenty-seven hundred miles, taking my departure from Booby Island, which the sloop passed early in the day.

I made no call at the little island, but standing close in, exchanged signals with the keeper of the light. Sailing on, the sloop was at once in the Arafura Sea, where for days she sailed in water milky white and green and purple, according to the color of the ground over which she sailed. It was my good fortune to enter the sea on the last quarter of the moon, the advantage being that in the dark nights I witnessed the phosphorescent light effect at night in its greatest splendor. The sea was full of luminous organic matter and, where the sloop disturbed it, seemed all ablaze, so that by its light I could see the smallest articles on deck, and her wake was a path of fire.

On the 25th of June the sloop was already clear of all the shoals and dangers, and was sailing on a smooth sea as steadily as before, but with speed somewhat slackened. I got out the flying-jib made at Juan Fernandez, and set it as a spinnaker from a stout bamboo that Mrs.



Stevenson gave me at Samoa. The spinnaker pulled stoutly and the bamboo holding its own, the *Spray* mended her pace.

Several pigeons flying across to-day from Australia toward the islands bent their course over the *Spray*. Smaller birds were seen flying in the opposite direction. In the part of the Arafura Sea to which I first came, where it was shallow, sea-snakes writhed about on the surface and tumbled over and over in the waves. As the sloop sailed farther on, where the sea became deep, they disappeared. In the ocean, where the water is blue, not one was seen.

In the days of serene weather there was not much to do but to read and take rest on the *Spray*, to make up for the rough time off Cape Horn, which was not yet forgotten, and to forestall the Cape of Good Hope by a store of ease. My sea journal was now much the same from day to day—something like this of June 26 and 27, for example :

June 26, in the morning, it is a bit squally ; later in the day blowing a steady breeze.

On the log at noon is . . . . .	130 miles
Subtract correction for slip . . . . .	10 "
	<hr/>
	120 "
Add for current . . . . .	10 "
	<hr/>
	130 "

Latitude, by observation at noon,  $10^{\circ} 23' S$ .

Longitude as per mark on the chart. (E. longitude  $137^{\circ} 20'$ .)

There wasn't much brain-work in that log, I'm sure. June 27 makes a better showing, when all is told :

First of all, to-day, was a flying-fish on deck ; fried it in butter.

133 miles on the log.

For slip, off, and for current, on, as per guess, about equal—let it go at that.

Latitude, by observation at noon,  $10^{\circ} 25' S.$ ; E. longitude,  $135^{\circ} 35'.$

For several days now the *Spray* sailed exactly west on the parallel of  $10^{\circ} 25' S.$  If she deviated at all from that, through the day or night,—and this may have happened,—she was back, strangely enough, at noon, at the same latitude.

On the 2d of July the great island of Timor was in view away to the northward. On the following day I saw Dana Island, not far off, and a breeze came up from the land at night, fragrant of the spices of the coast.

On the 11th, with all sail set and with the spinnaker still abroad, Christmas Island, about noon, came into view one point on the star-board bow. Before night it was abeam and distant two and a half miles. The surface of the island appeared evenly rounded from the

sea to a considerable height in the centre. In outline it was as smooth as a fish, and a long ocean swell, rolling up, broke against the sides, where it lay like a monster asleep, motionless on the sea.

## CHAPTER XVI

Three hours' steering in twenty-three days—Arrival at the Keeling Cocos Islands—A curious chapter of social history—A welcome from the children of the islands—Cleaning and painting the *Spray* on the beach—A Mohammedan blessing for a pot of jam—Keeling as a paradise—A risky adventure in a small boat—Away to Rodriguez—Taken for Antichrist—The governor calms the fears of the people—A lecture—A convent in the hills.

To the Keeling Cocos Islands was now only five hundred and fifty miles; but even in this short run it was necessary to be extremely careful to keep a true course, else I should miss the atoll.

While heading for the atoll the first unmistakable sign of the land was a visit one morning from a white tern that fluttered very knowingly about the vessel, and then took itself off westward with a businesslike air in its wing. The tern is called by the islanders the "pilot of Keeling Cocos." Farther on I came among a great number of birds fishing, and fighting over whatever they caught. My reckoning was up, and springing aloft, I saw from half-way up the mast cocoanut-trees standing out of the water

ahead. I expected to see this; still, it thrilled me. I slid down the mast, trembling under the strangest sensations; and not able to resist the impulse, I sat on deck and gave way to my emotions. To folks in a parlor on shore this may seem weak indeed, but I am telling the story of a voyage alone.

I didn't touch the helm, for with the current and heave of the sea the sloop found herself at the end of the run absolutely in the fairway of the channel. It couldn't have been beaten even in the navy! Then I trimmed her sails by the wind, took the helm, and flogged her up the couple of miles or so abreast the harbor landing, where I cast anchor at 3.30 P.M., July 17, 1897, twenty-three days from Thursday Island. The distance run was twenty-seven hundred miles as the crow flies. This would have been a fair Atlantic voyage. It was a delightful sail! During those twenty-three days I had not spent altogether more than three hours at the helm, including the time occupied in beating into Keeling harbor. I just lashed the helm and let her go; whether the wind was abeam or dead aft, it was all the same: she sailed on her course. No part of the voyage up to this point, taking it by and large, had been so finished as this.



As the sloop passed from the "ocean depths of deepest blue and entered the coral circle, the contrast was most remarkable. The brilliant colors of the waters, transparent to a depth of over thirty feet, now purple, now of the bluest sky-blue, and now green, with the white crests of the waves flashing under a brilliant sun, the encircling . . . palm-clad islands, the gaps between which were to the south undiscernible, the white sand shores and the whiter gaps where breakers appeared, and, lastly, the lagoon itself, seven or eight miles across from north to south, and five to six from east to west, presented a sight never to be forgotten."

The Keeling Cocos Islands, according to Admiral Fitzroy, R.N., lie between the latitudes of  $11^{\circ} 50'$  and  $12^{\circ} 12'$  S., and the longitudes of  $96^{\circ} 51'$  and  $96^{\circ} 58'$  E. They were discovered in 1608-9 by Captain William Keeling, then in the service of the East India Company. The Southern group consists of seven or eight islands and islets on the atoll, which is the skeleton of what some day, according to the history of coral reefs, will be a continuous island. North Keeling has no harbor, is seldom visited, and is of no importance. The South Keelings are a strange little world, with a romantic history all their own. They have been visited oc-

asionally by the floating spar of some hurricane-swept ship, or by a tree that has drifted all the way from Australia, or by an ill-starred ship cast away, and finally by man. Even a rock once drifted to Keeling, held fast among the roots of a tree.

The people of these islands were all rather shy, but, young or old, they never passed one or saw one passing their door without a salutation. In their musical voices they would say, "Are you walking?" ("Jalan, jalan?") "Will you come along?" one would answer.

For a long time after I arrived the children regarded the "one-man ship" with suspicion and fear. A native man had been blown away to sea many years before, and they hinted to one another that he might have been changed from black to white, and then returned in the sloop.

One day I heard some of the children whisper, "Chut-chut!" meaning that a shark had bitten my hand, which they observed was lame. Thenceforth they regarded me as a hero, and I had not fingers enough for the bright-eyed tots that wanted to cling to them and follow me about. Before this, when I held out my hand and said, "Come!" they would shy off for the nearest house, and say "Dingin" ("It's cold"),

or "Ujan" ("It's going to rain"). But it was now accepted that I was not the returned spirit of the lost black, and I had plenty of friends about the island, rain or shine.

One day after this, when I tried to haul the sloop and found her fast in the sand, the children all clapped their hands and cried that a crab was holding her by the keel; and little Ophelia, ten or twelve years of age, wrote in the *Spray's* log-book :

A hundred men with might and main  
On the windlass hove, yo ho !  
The cable only came in twain ;  
The ship she would not go ;  
For, child, to tell the strangest thing,  
The keel was held by a great kpeting.

This being so or not, it was decided that the Mohammedan priest, Sama the Emim, for a pot of jam, should ask Mohammed to bless the voyage and make the crab let go the sloop's keel, which it did, if it had hold, and she floated on the very next tide.

On the 22d of July arrived H.M.S. *Iphigenia*, with Mr. Justice Andrew J. Leech and court officers on board, on a circuit of inspection among the Straits Settlements, of which Keeling Cocos is a dependency, to hear complaints

and try cases by law, if any there were to try. They found the *Spray* hauled ashore and tied to a cocoanut-tree.

The women at the Keelings do not do all the drudgery, as was the case in many places visited on the voyage. It would cheer the heart of a Fuegian woman to see the Keeling lord of creation up a cocoanut-tree. Besides cleverly climbing the trees, the men of Keeling build finely modelled canoes. By far the best workmanship in boat-building I saw on the voyage was here. Many finished mechanics dwelt under the palms at Keeling, and I heard the hum of the band-saw and the ring of the anvil there from morning till night.

These singular though small islands have been spoken of as the places where "crabs eat cocoanuts, fish eat coral, dogs catch fish, men ride on turtles, and shells are dangerous man-traps," and where the greater part of the sea-fowl roost on branches, and many rats make their nests in the tops of palm-trees.

My vessel having been refitted, I loaded her with the famous mammoth tridacna shell of Keeling, found in the bayou near by. And right here, within sight of the village, I came near losing "the crew of the *Spray*"—not from putting my foot in a man-trap shell, however,



but from carelessly neglecting to look after the details of a trip across the harbor in a boat. I had sailed over oceans; I have since completed a course over them all, and sailed round the whole world without so nearly meeting a fatality as on that trip across a lagoon, where I trusted all to some one else, and he, weak mortal that he was, perhaps trusted all to me. The incident was a warning to me to be *always* vigilant. It is needless to say that I took no more such chances.

Thirty pairs of tridacna shells taken in here were equal to three tons of cement ballast, which I threw overboard to make room.

On August 22, the crab, or whatever else it was that held the sloop in the islands, let go its hold, and she swung out to sea under all sail, heading again for home. Mounting one or two heavy rollers on the fringe of the atoll, she cleared the flashing reefs. Long before dark Keeling Cocos, with its thousand souls, as sinless in their lives as perhaps it is possible for frail mortals to be, was left out of sight, astern. Out of sight, I say, except in my strongest affection.

The sea was rugged, and the *Spray* washed heavily when hauled on the wind. I took the course for the island of Rodriguez, and this



brought the sea abeam. The true course for the island was west by south, one quarter south, and the distance was nineteen hundred miles; but I steered considerably to the windward of that to allow for the heave of the sea and other leeward effects. My sloop on this course ran under reefed sails for days together. By midnight of the fifteenth day out, a black object appeared where I had seen clouds in the evening. It was still a long way off, but there could be no mistaking this: it was the high island of Rodriguez. The patent log I found greatly in error on this run. The cause of the error I learned now was the work of some large fish, probably a shark, that had mistaken it for a fish and had proceeded to make a meal of it. Two out of the four blades of the wheel had been crushed. Indeed I found embedded in one of the brass blades the end of a tooth of a man-eater shark. It consoled me somewhat for the loss of the log when I saw that the monster had damaged his mouth. Being sure of the sloop's position, I lay down to rest and to think, and I felt better for it. By daylight the island was abeam, about three miles away. It wore a hard, weather-beaten appearance there, all alone, far out in the Indian Ocean, like land adrift. The

windward side was uninviting, but there was a good port to leeward, and I hauled in now close on the wind for that. A pilot came out to take me through the narrow channel into the inner harbor, but, poor fellow, he fell to leeward and missed his pilotage.

It was a curious thing that at all of the islands some reality was insisted on as unreal, while improbabilities were clothed as hard facts; and so it happened here. The good abbé, a few days before, had been telling his people about the coming of Antichrist, and when they saw the *Spray* sail into the harbor, all feather-white before a gale of wind, and run all standing upon the beach, and with only one man aboard, they cried, "May the Lord help us, it is he, and he has come in a boat!" The news went flying through the place. The governor of the island, Mr. Roberts, came down immediately to see what it was all about, for the little town was in a great commotion. One elderly woman, when she heard of my advent, made for her house and locked herself in. When she heard that I was actually coming up the street she barricaded her doors, and did not come out while I was on the island. Governor Roberts and his family did not share the fears of their people, but came on board at the

jetty, where the sloop was berthed, and their example induced others to come also. The governor's young boys took charge of the *Spray's* boat at once, and my visit cost his Excellency, besides great hospitality to me, the building of a boat for them like the one belonging to the *Spray*.

My first day at this Land of Promise was to me like a fairy-tale. For many days I had studied the charts and counted the time of my arrival at this spot, as one might his entrance to the Islands of the Blessed, looking upon it as the terminus of the last long run, made irksome by the want of many things with which, from this time on, I could keep well supplied. And behold, here was the sloop, arrived, and made securely fast to a pier in Rodriguez. On the first evening ashore, in the land of napkins and cut glass, I saw before me still the ghosts of hempen towels and of mugs with handles knocked off. Instead of tossing on the sea, however, as I might have been, here was I in a bright hall, surrounded by sparkling wit, and dining with the governor of the island!

On the following day I accompanied his Excellency and family on a visit to San Gabriel, the country among the hills. The good abbé of San Gabriel entertained us all royally at the

convent, and we remained his guests until the following day. As I was leaving his place, the abbé said, "Captain, I embrace you, and of whatever religion you may be, my wish is that you succeed in making your voyage, and that our Saviour the Christ be always with you!"

Vegetables I found plentiful at Rodriguez. Of fruits, pomegranates were most abundant; for two shillings I obtained a large sack of them, as many as a donkey could carry from the orchard.

## CHAPTER XVII

A clean bill of health at Mauritius—A newly discovered plant named in honor of the *Spray's* skipper—A bivouac on deck—A warm reception at Durban—Three wise Boers seek proof of the flatness of the earth—Leaving South Africa.

ON the 16th of September, after eight restful days at Rodriguez, the mid-ocean land of plenty, I set sail, and on the 19th arrived at Mauritius, anchoring at quarantine about noon. The sloop was towed in later on the same day by the port doctor's launch, after he was satisfied that I had mustered all the crew for inspection. Of this he seemed in doubt until he examined the papers, which called for a crew of one all told from port to port, throughout the voyage. Then finding that I had been well enough to come thus far alone, he gave me permission to land without further ado.

A story got abroad in Mauritius that the *Spray* sailed with a superhuman crew, and one Mamode Hajee Ayoob, whom I employed as day watchman, could not be hired to watch nights, or even till the sun went down. "Sahib," he cried, "there is no need of it," and what he said was true.



The kind people of Mauritius, to make me richer and happier, gave me free use of the opera house while I talked over the *Spray's* adventures. His Honor the mayor introduced me to his Excellency the governor from the stage. In this way I was also introduced again to our good consul, General John P. Campbell, who had already introduced me to his Excellency. I was becoming well acquainted, and was in for it now to sail the voyage over again. How I got through the story I hardly know. It was a hot night, and I could have choked the tailor who made the coat I wore for this occasion. The kind governor saw that I had done my part trying to dress like a man ashore, and he invited me to Government House at Reduit, where I found myself on the following day among friends.

It was winter still off stormy Cape of Good Hope, but the storms might whistle there. I determined to see it out in milder Mauritius, visiting several places on the island. On one occasion, returning to the *Spray* by way of the great flower conservatory near Moka, the proprietor, having only that morning discovered a new and hardy plant, to my great honor named it "Slocum," which he said Latinized it at once, saving him some trouble on the twist of

a word; and the good botanist seemed pleased that I had come. How different things are in different countries! In Boston, Massachusetts, at that time, a gentleman, so I was told, paid thirty thousand dollars to have a flower named after his wife, and it was not a big flower either. I was royally entertained at many places in Mauritius, and, on the other hand, I made the attempt to entertain some of my friends on the *Spray*. On one occasion a party of seven young ladies ventured to sea in the sloop, sailing for a day and returning anchored over night in Tombo Bay.

While at Mauritius the *Spray* was tendered the use of the military dock free of charge, and was thoroughly refitted by the port authorities. My sincere gratitude is also due other friends for many things needful for the voyage which they put on board, including bags of sugar from some of the famous old plantations.

The favorable season now set in, and thus well equipped, on the 26th of October, the *Spray* put to sea. As I sailed before a light wind the island receded slowly, and on the following day I could still see the Puce Mountain near Moka. The *Spray* arrived next day off Galets, Réunion, and a pilot came out and spoke her. I handed him a Mauritius paper and continued

on my voyage; rollers were running heavily at the time, and it was not practicable to make a landing. From Réunion I shaped a course direct for Cape St. Mary, Madagascar.

~~✓~~The sloop was now drawing near the limits of the trade-wind, and the strong breeze that had carried her with free sheets the many thousands of miles from Sandy Cape, Australia, fell lighter each day until October 30, when it was altogether calm, and a motionless sea held her in a hushed world. I furled the sails at evening, sat down on deck, and enjoyed the vast stillness of the night.

Was it lonely? No! The depths spoke. I had always the companionship of the universe and the brightest constellations in the heavens moving overhead now lent me thoughts. The blazing star Sirius, a constant companion in southern latitudes, always held me with interest. It was the brightest fixed star above the horizon.

Then, there was the Southern Cross, which south of  $34^{\circ}$  south latitude, was always above the horizon, Orion, finest of all the constellations, and Argo, the ship, and the fiery Aldebaran. There is no Polar star in the South.

October 31 a light east-northeast breeze sprang up, and the sloop passed Cape St. Mary

about noon. On the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of November, in the Mozambique Channel, she experienced a hard gale of wind from the southwest. Here the *Spray* suffered as much as she did anywhere, except off Cape Horn. The thunder and lightning preceding this gale were very heavy. From this point until the sloop arrived off the coast of Africa, she encountered a succession of gales of wind, which drove her about in many directions, but on the 17th of November she arrived at Port Natal.

This delightful place is the commercial centre of the "Garden Colony," Durban itself, the city, being a spacious garden. The signalman from the bluff station reported the *Spray* fifteen miles off. The wind was freshening, and when she was within eight miles he said: "The *Spray* is shortening sail; the mainsail was reefed and set in ten minutes. One man is doing all the work."

This item of news was printed three minutes later in a Durban morning journal, which was handed to me when I arrived in port. I could not verify the time it had taken to reef the sail, the minute-hand of my time-piece being gone. I only knew that I reefed as quickly as I could.

The same paper, commenting on the voyage,



said: "Judging from the stormy weather which has prevailed off this coast during the past few weeks, the *Spray* must have had a very stormy voyage from Mauritius to Natal." Doubtless the weather would have been called stormy by sailors in any ship, but it caused the *Spray* no more inconvenience than the delay natural to head winds.

The question of how I sailed the sloop alone, often asked, is best answered, perhaps, by a Durban newspaper. I would shrink from repeating the editor's words but for the reason that undue estimates have been made of the amount of skill and energy required to sail a sloop of even the *Spray's* small tonnage. I heard a man who called himself a sailor say that "it would require three men to do what it was claimed" that I did alone, and what I found perfectly easy to do over and over again; and I have heard that others made similar nonsensical remarks, adding that I would work myself to death. But here is what the Durban paper said:

As briefly noted yesterday, the *Spray*, with a crew of one man, arrived at this port yesterday afternoon on her cruise round the world. The *Spray* made quite an auspicious entrance to Natal. Her commander sailed his craft right up the channel past the main wharf, and dropped his anchor



near the old *Forerunner* in the creek, before any one had a chance to get on board. The *Spray* was naturally an object of great curiosity to the Point people, and her arrival was witnessed by a large crowd. The skilful manner in which Captain Slocum steered his craft about the vessels which were occupying the waterway was a treat to witness.

The *Spray* was not among greenhorns in Natal. When she arrived off the port the pilot-ship, a fine, able steam-tug, came out to meet her, and led the way in across the bar, for it was blowing a smart gale and was too rough for the sloop to be towed with safety and so I simply followed, keeping to the windward side of the channel, so that I had room to keep off before the worst combers.

Among other friends at Durban, I met Colonel Edward Saunderson, M.P., and his son, both famous yachtsmen. The Colonel sailed the *Spray* very neatly one day in Natal waters. Also I met here Lieutenant Tipping, of the Life-saving Service of Great Britain. These gentlemen all approved of the *Spray*. While at Durban I visited the principal colleges and schools, finding them all deeply interested in the *Spray's* voyage around the world.

But oddly enough here it was, too, that I met three men from Pretoria who came to the *Spray* for data to support a contention that

the world is flat, President Kruger himself staunchly maintaining that theory. Having business on shore I left these men poring over the *Spray's* track on a chart of Mercator's projection. They only said, "Behold *it is flat*." They seemed annoyed when I tried to assure them that they could not prove it by my experience. The next morning I met one of the party in a clergyman's garb, carrying a large Bible, not different from the one I had read. He tackled me, saying, "If you respect the Word of God, you must admit that the world is flat." "If the Word of God stands on a flat world—" I began. "What!" cried he, losing himself in a passion. "What!" he shouted in astonishment and rage. The next day, seeing him across the street, I bowed and made curves with my hands. He responded with a level, swimming movement of his hands, meaning "the world is flat." A pamphlet by these Transvaal geographers, made up of arguments from sources high and low to prove their theory, was mailed to me before I sailed from Africa on my last stretch around the globe.

However, education in the Transvaal is by no means neglected, English as well as Dutch being taught to all that can afford both.

December 14, 1897, after having a fine time in Natal, I hoisted the *Spray's* boat in on deck and sailed with the seaward morning breeze which carried her clear of the bar and again she was off alone.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Rounding the "Cape of Storms" in olden time—A rough Christmas—The *Spray* ties up for a three months' rest at Cape Town—A railway trip to the Transvaal—President Kruger's odd definition of the *Spray's* voyage—His terse sayings—Distinguished guests on the *Spray*—Cocoanut fibre as a padlock—Courtesies from the admiral of the Queen's navy—Off for St. Helena—Land in sight.

THE Cape of Good Hope was now the most prominent point to pass. From Table Bay I could count on the aid of brisk trade winds, and then the *Spray* would soon be home. On the first day out from Durban it fell calm, and I sat thinking about these things and the end of the voyage. The distance to Table Bay, where I intended to call, was about eight hundred miles over a rough sea. The early Portuguese navigators, endowed with patience, were more than sixty-nine years struggling to round this cape before they got as far as Algoa Bay, and there the crew mutinied. It was not until 1497 that Vasco da Gama sailed successfully round the "Cape of Storms," as the Cape of Good Hope was then called, and discovered Natal on Christmas or Natal day; hence the

name. From this point their way to India was easy.

I experienced gales of wind sweeping round the cape, one occurring, on an average, every thirty-six hours; but one gale was much the same as another, with no more serious result than to blow the *Spray* along on her course when it was fair, or to blow her back somewhat when it was ahead. On Christmas, 1897, I came to the pitch of the cape. On this day the *Spray* was trying to stand on her head, and she gave me every reason to believe that she would accomplish the feat before night. She began very early in the morning to pitch and toss about in a most unusual manner, and I have to record that, while I was at the end of the bowsprit reefing the jib, she ducked me under water three times as a Christmas gift. I got wet and did not like it a bit: never in any other sea was I put under more than once in the same short space of time, say three minutes. A large English steamer passing ran up the signal, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas." I think the captain was a humorist; his own ship was throwing her propeller out of water.

Two days later the *Spray* passed Cape Agulhas in company with the steamship *Scotsman*, now with a fair wind. The keeper of the light



on Agulhas exchanged signals with the *Spray* as she passed. At lonely stations hearts grow responsive and sympathetic, and even poetic. This feeling was shown toward the *Spray* along many a rugged coast, and reading many a kind signal thrown out to her gave one a grateful feeling for all the world.

One more gale of wind came down upon the *Spray* from the west after she passed Cape Agulhas, but that one she dodged by getting into Simons Bay. When it moderated she beat around the Cape of Good Hope, where they say the *Flying Dutchman* is still sailing. The voyage then seemed as good as finished; from this time on I knew that all, or nearly all, would be plain sailing.

Here I crossed a sharp dividing-line of weather. To the north it was clear and settled, while south it was humid and squally, with treacherous gales. From hard weather the *Spray* ran into a calm under Table Mountain, where she lay quietly till the generous sun rose over the land and drew a breeze in from the sea.

The steam-tug *Alert*, then out looking for vessels, came to the *Spray* off the Lion's Rump, and in lieu of a larger ship towed her into the roads, where she came to anchor off the city of

Cape Town, clear of the bustle of commerce. The sea being smooth, the good harbor-master sent his steam-launch to bring the sloop to a berth in dock at once, but I preferred to remain for one day alone, in the quiet of a smooth sea, enjoying the retrospect of the passage of the two great capes. On the following morning the *Spray* sailed into the Alfred Dry-docks, where she remained for about three months in the care of the port authorities, while I travelled the country over from Simons Town to Pretoria, being accorded by the colonial government a free railroad pass over the land.

I had a pleasant trip to Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, where I met Mr. Kruger, the Transvaal president, who said that the world was flat. His Excellency received me cordially enough; but my friend Judge Byers, the gentleman who presented me, by mentioning that I was on a voyage around the world, unwittingly gave great offence to the venerable statesman, which we both regretted deeply. Mr. Kruger corrected the judge rather sharply, reminding him that the world is flat. "You don't mean *round* the world," said the president; "it is impossible! You mean *in* the world. Impossible!" he said, "impossible!" and not another word did he utter either to the judge or

to me. The judge looked at me and I looked at the judge, who should have known his ground, so to speak, and Mr. Kruger glowered at us both. My friend the judge seemed embarrassed, but I was delighted; the incident pleased me more than anything else that could have happened. It was a nugget of information quarried out of Oom Paul.

Before going on my journey to the Transvaal Colonel Saunderson, who had arrived from Durban, invited me to Newlands Vineyard, where I met many agreeable people. His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of Cape Colony, found time to come aboard with a party. The governor, after making a survey of the deck, found a seat on a box in my cabin; Lady Muriel sat on a keg, and Lady Saunderson sat by the skipper at the wheel, while the colonel, with his kodak, away in the little boat, took snap shots of the sloop and her distinguished visitors. Dr. David Gill, astronomer royal, who was of another party of visitors, invited me to the famous Cape Observatory. Later Dr. Gill presided at a talk about the voyage of the *Spray*: that alone secured for me a full house. This success brought me sufficient money for all my needs in port and for the homeward voyage.



Captain Slocum, Sir Alfred Milner (with the tall hat), and Colonel Sanderson, M.P., on the Bow of the *Spray*,  
at Cape Town.





After returning from Kimberley and Pretoria, and finding the *Spray* all right in the docks, I retraced my steps to Worcester and Wellington, towns famous for colleges and seminaries, still travelling as the guest of the colony.

On the plains of Africa I passed through hundreds of miles of rich but still barren land, save for scrub-bushes, on which herds of sheep were browsing. The bushes grew about the length of a sheep apart, and they, I thought, were rather long of body; but there was still room for all. My longing for a foothold on land seized upon me here, where so much of it lay waste; but instead of remaining to plant forests and reclaim vegetation, I finally returned to the *Spray* at the Alfred Docks, where I found her waiting for me, with everything in order, exactly as I had left her.

I have often been asked how it was that my vessel and everything on board were not stolen in the various ports where I left her for days together without a watchman in charge. This is just how it was: The *Spray* seldom fell among thieves. At the Keeling Islands, at Rodriguez, and at many such places, a wisp of cocoanut fibre in the door-latch, to indicate that the owner was away, secured my vessel

and my goods against even a longing glance. But when I came to a great island nearer home, stout locks were needed ; the first night in port things which I had always left on deck disappeared, as if the sloop had been swept by a sea.

A pleasant visit from Admiral Sir Harry Rawson of the Royal Navy and his family brought to an end the *Spray's* social relations with the Cape of Good Hope. The admiral, then commanding the South African Squadron, and now in command of the great Channel fleet, evinced the greatest interest in the little *Spray* and her behavior off Cape Horn, where he was not a stranger, notwithstanding the wide difference in our respective commands.

On March 26, 1898, the *Spray* sailed from South Africa, the land of distances and pure air, where she had spent a pleasant and profitable time. The steam-tug *Tigre* towed her to sea, giving her a good offing. The light morning breeze, which scantily filled her sails when the tug let go the tow-line, soon died away altogether, and left her riding over a heavy swell, in full view of Table Mountain and the high peaks of the Cape of Good Hope. For a while the grand scenery served to relieve the monotony. One of the old circumnavigators (Sir Francis Drake, I think), when he first saw

this magnificent pile, sang, "'Tis the fairest thing and the grandest cape I've seen in the whole circumference of the earth."

The view was certainly fine, but one has no wish to linger long in a calm to look at anything, and I was glad to note, finally, the short heaving sea, precursor of the wind which followed on the second day. Seals playing about the *Spray* all day, before the breeze came, looked with large eyes when, at evening, she sat no longer like a lazy bird with folded wings. They parted company now, and the *Spray* soon sailed the highest peaks of the mountains out of sight, and the world changed from a mere panoramic view to the light of a homeward-bound voyage. Her companions now for several days were porpoises and dolphins, and such other fishes as did not mind making a hundred and fifty miles a day. The wind was from the southeast; this suited the *Spray* well, and she ran along steadily at her best, while I dipped into the new books given me at the cape, reading day and night.

March 31 the fresh southeast wind had come to stay. The *Spray* was running under a single-reefed mainsail, a whole jib, and a flying-jib besides, set on the Vailima bamboo, while I was reading Stevenson's delightful "Inland Voy-

age." The sloop was doing her work smoothly, hardly rolling at all, but just leaping along among the white horses, a thousand gambolling porpoises keeping her company on all sides. She was again among her old friends the flying-fish, interesting denizens of the sea. With outstretched wings they sailed on the wind in graceful curves. One of the joyful sights on the ocean of a bright day is the continual flight of these interesting fish.

And so the *Spray* reeled off the miles, showing a good run every day till April 11, which came almost before I knew it. Very early that morning I was awakened by the harsh quack of a booby, which I recognized at once as a call to go on deck; it was as much as to say, "Skipper, there's land in sight." I tumbled out quickly, and sure enough, away ahead in the dim twilight, about twenty miles off, was St. Helena.

My first impulse was to call out, "Oh, what a speck in the sea!" It is in reality nine miles in length and two thousand eight hundred and twenty-three feet in height.

## CHAPTER XIX

In the isle of Napoleon's exile—A guest in the ghost-room at Plantation House—An excursion to historic Longwood—Coffee in the husk, and a goat to shell it—The *Spray's* ill luck with animals—Ascension Island.

ABOUT noon the *Spray* came to anchor off Jamestown, and "all hands" went ashore to pay respects to his Excellency the governor of the island, Sir R. A. Sterndale. His Excellency remarked that it was not often, nowadays, that a circumnavigator came his way, and he cordially welcomed me, and arranged that I should tell about the voyage at Garden Hall and then at Plantation House—the governor's residence, which is in the hills a mile or two back.

I was most royally entertained by the governor. I remained at Plantation House two days, and one of the rooms in the mansion, called the "west room," being haunted, the butler, by command of his Excellency, put me up in that—like a prince.

His Excellency one day was good enough to take me by carriage over the island heights, where the roads are hewn out of the cliffs of



lava around mountain precipices and ravines. At one point in our journey the road winding among these formed a perfect W within the distance of a few rods.

Returning from the governor's house to Jamestown, I drove with Mr. Clark to "Longwood," the home of Napoleon. A French consular agent in charge, keeps the place in good repair. The present occupant, born in France, was spending days of contentment with wife and grown-up daughters born on the island, where they had always lived, being well content with their home.

On the 20th of April the *Spray* was again ready for sea. Before going on board I took luncheon with the governor and his family at the castle. Lady Sterndale had sent a large fruit-cake, early in the morning, from Plantation House, to be taken along on the voyage. It was a great high-decker, and I ate sparingly of it, as I thought, but it did not keep as I had hoped it would. I ate the last of it along with my first cup of coffee at Antigua, West Indies, which, after all, was quite a record.

After luncheon a royal mail was made up for the *Spray* to be landed at the Island of Ascension, a few days' sail farther along on my way. Then U. S. Consul Mr. Poole and his daughter

paid the *Spray* a farewell visit, bringing a basket of fruit. It was late in the evening when I bore off for the west, leaving my new friends. Fresh winds filled the sloop's sails once more, and I watched the beacon-light at Plantation House, the governor's parting signal for the *Spray*, till the island faded in the darkness astern and became one with the night, and by midnight the light itself had disappeared below the horizon.

When morning came there was no land in sight, but the day went on the same as days before, save for one small incident. Governor Sterndale had given me a bag of coffee in the husk, and Clark, an American, in an evil moment, had put a goat on board, "to butt the sack and hustle the coffee-beans out of the pods." He urged that the animal, besides being useful, would be as companionable as a dog. I soon found that my sailing-companion, this sort of dog with horns, had to be tied up entirely. The mistake I made was that I did not chain him to the mast instead of tying him with grass ropes less securely, and this I learned to my cost. Except for the first day, before the beast got his sea-legs on, I had no peace of mind. After that, he threatened to devour everything from flying-jib to stern-davits. He was the worst pirate I met on the

whole voyage. He began by eating my chart of the West Indies, in the cabin, one day, while I was about my work forward, thinking that he was securely tied on deck by the pumps. There was not a rope in the sloop proof against that goat's awful teeth!

Next the goat devoured my straw hat, and so when I arrived in port I had nothing to wear ashore on my head. This last unkind stroke decided his fate. On the 27th of April the *Spray* arrived at Ascension, which is garrisoned by a man-of-war crew, and the boatswain of the island came on board. As he stepped out of his boat the mutinous goat climbed into it, and defied boatswain and crew. I hired them to land the wretch at once, which they were only too willing to do, and then he fell into the hands of a most excellent Scotchman, with the chances that he would never get away.

It is, according to tradition, a most reassuring sign to find rats coming to a ship, and I had a mind to abide a knowing one that came on board at Rodriguez, but his behavior decided the matter against him. While I slept one night, my ship sailing on, he undertook to walk over me, beginning at the crown of my head, concerning which I am sensitive. I sleep lightly.

Before his impertinence had got him even to my nose I cried "Rat!" had him by the tail, and threw him out of the companionway into the sea.

Ascension Island, where the goat was marooned, lies in  $7^{\circ} 55'$  south latitude and  $14^{\circ} 25'$  west longitude, being in the very heart of the southeast trade-winds and about eight hundred and forty miles from the coast of Liberia. It is a mass of volcanic matter, thrown up from the bed of the ocean to the height of two thousand eight hundred and eighteen feet at the highest point above sea-level. It is a strategic point, and belonged to Great Britain before it got cold. In the limited but rich soil at the top of the island, among the clouds, vegetation has taken root, and a little scientific farming is carried on under the supervision of a gentleman from Canada. A few cattle and sheep are pastured there for the garrison mess. Water storage is made on a large scale. In a word, this heap of cinders and lava rock is stored and fortified, and would stand a siege.

Very soon after the *Spray* arrived I received a note from Captain Blaxland, the commander of the island, conveying his thanks for the royal mail brought from St. Helena, and inviting me to luncheon with him and his wife and sister at

head-quarters, not far away. It is hardly necessary to say that I availed myself of the captain's hospitality at once. A carriage was waiting at the jetty when I landed, and a sailor, with a broad grin, led the horse carefully up the hill to the captain's house, as if I were a lord of the admiralty, and a governor besides; and he led it as carefully down again when I returned. On the following day I visited the summit among the clouds, the same team being provided, and the same old sailor leading the horse. Arriving at the summit of the island, I met Mr. Schank, the farmer from Canada, and his sister, living very cosily in a house among the rocks, as snug as conies, and as safe. He showed me over the farm, taking me through a tunnel which led from one field to the other, divided by an inaccessible spur of mountain. Mr. Schank said that he had lost many cows and bullocks, as well as sheep, from breakneck over the steep cliffs and precipices. One cow, he said, would sometimes hook another right over a precipice to destruction, and go on feeding unconcernedly. It seemed that the animals on the island farm, like mankind in the wide world, found it all too small.

On the 26th of April, while I was ashore, rollers came in which rendered launching a boat



impossible. However, the sloop being securely moored to a buoy in deep water outside of the breakers, she was safe, while I, in the best of quarters, listened to well-told stories among the officers of the island. On the evening of the 29th, the sea having gone down, I went on board and made preparations to start again on my voyage next day.

Early in the morning, April 30, the *Spray*, nothing loath, filled away clear of the sea-beaten rocks. The trade-winds, comfortably cool and bracing, sent her flying along on her course. On May 8, 1898, homeward bound, she crossed the track that she had made October 2, 1895, on the voyage out. She passed Fernando de Noronha at night, going some miles south of it, and so I did not see the island.

## CHAPTER XX

In the favoring current off Cape St. Roque, Brazil—All at sea regarding the Spanish-American War—An exchange of signals with the battle-ship *Oregon*—Off Dreyfus's prison on Devil's Island—Reappearance to the *Spray* of the north star—The light on Trinidad—A charming introduction to Grenada—Talks to friendly auditors.

ON the morning of May 10 there was a great change in the condition of the sea. Strange and long-forgotten current ripples pattered against the sloop's sides in grateful music; the tune arrested the ear, and I sat listening to it while the *Spray* kept on her course. By these ripples I was assured that she was now off St. Roque and had struck the current which sweeps around that cape. The trade-winds, we old sailors say, produce this current, which, in its course from this point forward, is governed by the coast-line of Brazil, Guiana and Venezuela.

The trades had been blowing fresh for some time, and the current, now at its height, amounted to forty miles a day. This, added to the sloop's run by the log, made the handsome day's work of one hundred and eighty miles on several consecutive days. I saw noth-

ing of the coast of Brazil, though I was not many leagues off and was always in the Brazil current.

I did not know that war with Spain had been declared, and that I might likely meet the enemy right there, and be captured. Many had told me at Cape Town that war was inevitable, and they said: "The Spaniard will get you! The Spaniard will get you!" To all this I could only say that, even so, he would not get much. Even in the fever-heat over the battle-ship *Maine* disaster I did not think there would be war and reparation made by destroying more human lives. Indeed, not being a politician, I had hardly given the matter a serious thought, when, on the 14th of May, just north of the equator, and near the longitude of the river Amazon, I saw first a mast, with the Stars and Stripes floating from it, rising over the sea astern, and then rapidly appearing on the horizon, like a citadel, the *Oregon*! As she came near I saw that the great ship was flying the signals "C B T," which read, "Are there any men-of-war about?" Right under these flags, and larger than the *Spray's* mainsail, so it appeared, was the yellowest Spanish flag I ever saw. It gave me nightmare some time after when I reflected on it in my dreams.

I did not make out the *Oregon's* signals readily, for she was two miles away. Finally I read them and hoisted the signal "No," for I had not seen any Spanish men-of-war; I had not been looking for any. My signal, "Let us keep together for mutual protection," Captain Clark did not seem to regard as necessary. Perhaps my small flags were not made out; anyhow, the *Oregon* steamed on with a rush, looking for Spanish men-of-war, as I learned afterward. The *Oregon's* great flag was dipped beautifully three times to the *Spray's* lowered flag as she passed on. What sailor was ever honored so? I pondered long that night over the probability of a war risk now coming upon the *Spray* after she had cleared all, or nearly all, the dangers of the sea, but finally a strong hope mastered my fears.

On the 17th of May, the *Spray*, coming out of a storm at daylight, made Devil's Island, two points on the lee bow, not far off. The celebrated Captain Dreyfus was at that time a prisoner on the island. The wind was still blowing a stiff breeze on shore. I could clearly see the dark-gray buildings on the island as the sloop brought it abeam. No flag or sign of life was seen on the dreary place.

On May 18, 1898, is written large in the

*Spray's* log-book: "To-night, in latitude  $7^{\circ} 13'$  N., for the first time in nearly three years I see the north star." The needle was pointing true north, for there was no variation of the compass along the route she was sailing now. The *Spray* on the day following made one hundred and forty-seven miles. To this I add thirty-five miles for current sweeping her onward. Of course, each night now as the *Spray* swept northward, the north star rose higher and higher in the sky. On the 20th of May, about sunset, the island of Tobago, off the Orinoco, came into view, bearing west by north, distant twenty-two miles. Later at night, while running free along the coast of Tobago, I was startled by the sudden flash of breakers on the port bow and not far off. I luffed instantly offshore, and then tacked, heading in for the island. Finding myself, shortly after, close in with the land, I tacked again offshore, but without much altering the bearings of the danger. Sail whichever way I would, it seemed clear that if the sloop weathered the rocks at all it would be a close shave, and I watched with anxiety, while beating against the current, unwilling to chance the danger in trying to pass with so strong a set to leeward. So the matter stood hour after hour, while I watched



the flashes of light thrown up as regularly as the beats of the long ocean swells, and always they seemed just a little nearer. That it was a coral reef, I had not the slightest doubt,—and a bad reef at that. Worse still, there might be other reefs ahead forming a bight into which the current would sweep me, and where I should be hemmed in and finally wrecked. I lamented the day the goat ate my chart. My anxiety increased while the sloop sagged to leeward, till finally from the crest of a wave I saw the cause of my alarm. It was the great revolving light on the island of Trinidad, thirty miles away, throwing flashes over the waves, which had deceived me! The orb of the light now dipping on the horizon rose above the sea as the *Spray* drifted still nearer, and how glorious was the sight of it! But, dear Father Neptune, as I live, after a long life at sea, and much among corals, I would have made a solemn declaration to that reef!

My course was clear for Grenada, to which I now steered, having letters from Mauritius. About midnight of the 22d of May I arrived at the island, and cast anchor in the roads off the town of St. George, entering the inner harbor at daylight on the morning of the 23d, which

made forty-two days' sailing from the Cape of Good Hope. It was a good run.

On the 28th of May, the *Spray* sailed from Grenada, and coasted along under the lee of the Antilles, arriving at the island of Dominica on the 30th, where, for the want of knowing better, I cast anchor at the quarantine ground; I was still without a chart of the islands, not having been able to get one even at Grenada. Here I not only met with further disappointment in the matter, but was threatened with a fine for the mistake I made in the anchorage. There were no ships either at the quarantine or at the commercial roads, and I could not see that it made much difference where I anchored. But a negro chap, a sort of deputy harbor-master, coming along, thought it did, and he ordered me to shift to the other anchorage, which, in truth, I had already investigated and did not like, because of the heavier roll there from the sea. And so instead of springing to the sails at once to shift, I said I would leave outright as soon as I could procure a chart, which I begged he would send and get for me.

"But I say you mus' move befo' you gets anyt'ing 't all," he insisted, and raising his voice so that all the people alongshore could

hear him, he added, "An' jes' now!" Then he flew into a towering passion when they on shore snickered to see the crew of the *Spray* sitting calmly by the bulwark instead of hoisting sail. "I tell you dis am quarantine," he shouted, very much louder than before. "That's all right, general," I replied; "I want to be quarantined anyhow." "That 's right, boss," some one on the beach cried, "that's right; you get quarantined," while others shouted to the deputy to "make de white trash move 'long out o' dat." They were about equally divided on the island for and against me.

The man who had made so much fuss over the matter gave it up when he found that I wished to be quarantined, and he sent for an all-important half-white, who soon came alongside, starched from head to foot. He stood in the boat as straight up and down as a fathom of pump-water—a marvel of importance. "Charts!" cried I, as soon as his shirt-collar appeared over the sloop's rail; "have you any charts?" "No, sah," he replied with much-stiffened dignity; "no, sah; cha'ts do'sn't grow on dis island." Not doubting the information, I tripped anchor immediately, as I had intended to do from the first, and made all sail

for St. John, Antigua, where I arrived on the 1st of June, having sailed with great caution in mid-channel all the way.

The *Spray*, always in good company, now fell in with the port officers' steam-launch at the harbor entrance, having on board Sir Francis Fleming, governor of the Leeward Islands, who, to the delight of "all hands," gave the officer in charge instructions to tow my ship into port. On the following day his Excellency and Lady Fleming, along with Captain Burr, R.N., paid me a visit. The court-house was tendered free to me at Antigua, as was done also at Grenada, and at each place a highly intelligent audience filled the hall to listen to a talk about the seas the *Spray* had crossed, and the countries she had visited.

## CHAPTER XXI

Clearing for home—In the calm belt—A sea covered with sargasso—The jibstay parts in a gale—Welcomed by a tornado off Fire Island—A change of plan—Arrival at Newport—End of a cruise of over forty-six thousand miles—The *Spray* again at Fairhaven.

ON the 4th of June, 1898, the *Spray* cleared from the United States consulate, and her license to sail single-handed, even round the world, was returned to her for the last time.

On June 5, 1898, the *Spray* sailed for a home port, heading first direct for Cape Hatteras. On the 8th of June and just before noon, she crossed the track of the sun. His nearest horizon changed from North to South at a fraction of a minute from noon while I stood, sextant in hand, waiting for the exact meridian altitude. It was a moment of thrilling interest to me. I had sailed many months and many, many thousands of miles with the sun bearing north each noon, reminding me that I sailed under alien skies. But at last all this was changed and everything reminded me of home-coming. To find my latitude this day I had only to inspect



the Nautical almanac and there find the sun's declination, which at noon was  $22^{\circ} 54'$ .

The *Spray* was booming joyously along for home now, making her usual good time, when of a sudden she struck the \*horse latitudes, and her sail hung limp in a calm. Evening after evening I read by the light of a candle on deck. There was no wind at all, and the sea became smooth and monotonous. For three days I saw a full-rigged ship on the horizon, also becalmed.

Sargasso, scattered over the sea in bunches, or trailed curiously along down the wind in narrow lanes before, now gathered together in great fields, strange sea-animals, little and big, swimming in and out, the most curious among them being a tiny sea-horse which I captured and brought home preserved in a bottle. But on the 18th of June a gale began to blow from the southwest, and the sargasso was dispersed again in windrows and lanes.

There was soon wind enough and to spare. The same might have been said of the sea. The

\* The Horse Latitudes lie between  $20^{\circ}$  and  $30^{\circ}$  North Latitudes, where calms often prevail during the summer months.

Sailing vessels from New England with horses on board bound for the West Indies, in the early days, sometimes ran into these calms and there remained helpless till their supplies gave out and the horses became famished and had to be thrown overboard.

*Spray* was in the midst of the turbulent Gulf Stream itself and was jumping like a porpoise over the waves. As if to make up for lost time, she seemed to touch only the high places. Under a sudden shock and strain parts of her rigging gave out. First the main-sheet strap was carried away, and then the peak halyard-block was wrenched from the gaff. It was time to reef and refit, and so when "all hands" came on deck I went about doing that.

The 19th of June was fine, but on the morning of the 20th another gale came on, accompanied by cross-seas. I was thinking about taking in sail, when the jibstay broke at the mast-head, and fell, jib and all, into the sea. It gave me the strangest sensation to see the bellying sail fall, and where it had been to see so suddenly only space. However, I was at the bows, with presence of mind to gather it in on the first wave that rolled up, before it was torn or trailed under the sloop's bottom. I found by the amount of work done in three minutes' time or less that I had by no means grown stiff-jointed on the voyage. My health was still good, and I could skip about the decks in a lively manner, but could I climb? The great King Neptune tested me severely now, for the

stay being gone, the unsteadied mast switched about like a reed, and was not easy to climb; but I managed it, and finally after some difficulty refitted the stay and had a reefed jib set on it, pulling for home. Had the *Spray's* mast not been well stepped, however, it would have gone by the board when the stay broke. Good work in the building of my vessel stood me always in good stead.

On the 23d of June I was at last tired, tired, tired of recent baffling squalls and fretful cobbles-seas. I had not seen a vessel for days and days, where I had expected the company of at least a schooner now and then. As to the whistling of the wind through the rigging, and the slopping of the sea against the sloop's sides, that was well enough in its way, and we could not have got on without it, the *Spray* and I; but there was so much of it now, and this spell lasted so long! At noon a winterish storm was upon us from the northwest. In the Gulf Stream, even thus late in June, hailstones were pelting the *Spray*, and lightning poured down from the clouds. By slants, however, I worked the sloop in toward the coast, where, on the 25th of June, off Fire Island, she fell into the tornado which, an hour earlier, had swept over New York City with lightning that wrecked

buildings and sent trees flying about in splinters; even ships at docks had parted their moorings and smashed into other ships, doing great damage. It was the climax storm of the voyage, but I saw the unmistakable character of it in time to have all snug aboard and receive it under bare poles. Even so, the sloop shivered when it struck, and she heeled over unwillingly; but rounding to, with a sea-anchor ahead, she righted and faced the storm. In the midst of the gale I could do no more than look on, for what is a man in a storm like this? I had seen one electric storm on the voyage, off the coast of Madagascar, but it was unlike this one. Here the lightning kept on longer, and thunderbolts fell in the sea all about. Up to this time I was bound for New York; but when all was over I rose, made sail, and hove the sloop round from the starboard to the port tack, to make for a quiet harbor to think the matter over; and so, under easy sail, she reached in for the coast of Long Island, while I watched the lights of coasting-vessels which now began to appear in sight.

The experiences of the voyage of the *Spray*, reaching over three years, had been to me like reading a book, and one that was more and more interesting as I turned the pages, till I



The *Spray* in Storm off New York.





had come now to the last page of all, and the one more interesting than any of the rest.

When daylight came I saw that the sea had changed color from dark green to light. I threw the lead and got soundings in thirteen fathoms. I made the land soon after, some miles east of Fire Island, and sailing thence before a pleasant breeze along the coast, made for Newport. The weather after the furious gale was remarkably fine. The *Spray* rounded Montauk Point early in the afternoon; Point Judith was abeam at dark; she fetched Beaver-tail next. Sailing on, she had one more danger to pass—the harbor was mined. The *Spray* hugged the rocks along where neither friend nor foe could come if drawing much water, and where she would not disturb the guard-ship in the channel. It was close work, but it was safe enough so long as she hugged the rocks close, and not the mines. Flitting by a low point abreast of the guard-ship, which I knew well, some one on board of her sang out, "There goes a craft!" I threw up a light at once and heard the hail, "*Spray*, ahoy!" It was the voice of a friend, and I knew that a friend would not fire on the *Spray*. I eased off the main-sheet, and the *Spray* swung off for the beacon-lights of the inner harbor of Newport.

At last she reached port in safety, and there at 1 A.M. on June 27, 1898, cast anchor, after the cruise of more than forty-six thousand miles round the world, during an absence of three years and two months and two days.

Was the crew well? Was I not? I had profited in many ways by the voyage. I had even gained flesh, and actually weighed a pound more than when I sailed from Boston. As for aging, why, the dial of my life was turned back till my friends all said, "Slocum is young again." And so I was, at least ten years younger than the day I felled the first tree for the construction of the *Spray*.

My ship was also in better condition than when she sailed from Boston on her long voyage. She was still as sound as a nut, and as tight as the best ship afloat. She did not leak a drop—not one drop! The pump, which had been little used at any time, had not been rigged at all since leaving Australia.

The first name on the *Spray's* visitor's book in the home port was written by the one who said, "The *Spray* will come back." The *Spray* was not quite satisfied till I sailed her around to her birthplace, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, farther along. I had myself a desire to return to the place of the very beginning whence I

had, as I have said, renewed my age. So on July 3, with a fair wind, she waltzed beautifully round the coast and up the Acushnet River to Fairhaven, where I secured her to the cedar spile which I had driven in the bank to hold her when she was launched. I could bring her no nearer home.

If the *Spray* discovered no continents on her voyage, it may be that there were no more continents to be discovered; she did not seek new worlds, or sail to rehearse dangers of the seas. To find one's way to lands already discovered is a good thing, and the *Spray* made the discovery that even the worst sea is not so terrible to a well-appointed ship.

As in the building of that ship which was "pitched without and within," so in the reconstruction of the *Spray* everything was done, that I could do, to make her more and more seaworthy, and stoutly then, she accomplished her voyage and afforded me, after all, a delightful and profitable experience.

END.













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